

JAN 24 1919

DETROIT.

THE "VICTORY"

The Nation

VOL. XXIV., No. 14.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1919.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d.; Abroad 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	389	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ...	403
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		POETRY:—	
The "Victory" ...	392	Respondez! By Walt Whit-	
Setting the Idol up Again ...	393	man ...	405
The Press and the Election ...	395	THE WORLD OF BOOKS ...	406
Democracy at the Poll ...	396	REVIEWS:—	
PARLIAMENT AND INDUSTRY ...	397	Success in Literature ...	408
A LONDON DIARY... ..	398	Menschensalat ...	410
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Mr. Courtney's Critical	
The Nature of Civilization ...	399	Essays ...	410
What Sort of Democracy?... ..	401	BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	412
COMMUNICATIONS:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY ...	414
The Return of the Native.			
By an Irish Correspondent 402			

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE results of the General Election were declared on Saturday. They are acclaimed as a great victory for Mr. George, but it would be more correct to say that Mr. George has beaten himself. Two constitutional parties are virtually wiped out—free Liberalism and Parliamentary Nationalism—and the control of the House of Commons is given over to a majority of 386 Unionists (an absolute majority of the House), supported by 136 tied "Liberals," and ten tied "Labor" men, calling themselves the "National Democratic Party." The Opposition proper consists of 59 Labor Members, 26 free Liberals, and 7 Irish Nationalists, of whom one, Mr. O'Connor, sits for Liverpool. The Sinn Feiners have swept Ireland, and 73 have been elected; but they are pledged abstentionists. The remainder are nondescripts. These results destroy the party system, turning the House of Commons into an annexe of Government, which will be led by deputy. Three party chieftains have been displaced, and every ex-Cabinet Minister who sat in the last Parliament and tried his fortune at the polls has been defeated. Mr. Asquith, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Runciman, Mr. McKinnon Wood, Mr. Henderson, have all disappeared, and no member of the Opposition remains above the rank of an Under-Secretary.

AN analysis of the quantitative result puts a somewhat different face on the election. The Coalition's majorities are indeed enormous—the maximum approaches 20,000—and there can be no reasonable doubt that they were swollen to such a size by the mass vote of the women. But its numerical preponderance is by no means overwhelming. It has obtained 87 per cent. of the seats with only 56 per cent. of the votes. Nor has Liberalism been "snowed under," as its paltry total of members would seem to show, for it polled 1,298,808 votes. Add Labor's 2,374,385 votes and imagine a system of proportional (i.e., fair) representation, and normal Parliamentarism is almost restored. Nor is a real and morally powerful Opposition lacking. Behind Labor rests the triple force of numbers, enthusiasm, and organization. It has increased

its representation from thirty-eight to fifty-nine members, some of whom (e.g., Mr. Thomas) have secured enormous majorities. On the other hand, its intellectual strength is weakened. It has lost its idealists and Parliamentary orators—Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson—and also its organizing leader, Mr. Henderson, and its new membership consists, with one exception, of trade unionist officials. Laborism has, in a word, reverted to Trade Unionism.

THE "moral" of the election is a little hard to collect. It is no mere verdict against "pacifist" or "communist" doctrine: for Liberal Imperialism has suffered quite as severely as any brand of Christianity or Socialism. Its emphasis is, as we have said, due to the natural conservatism of women, their inexperience of the nature of a political choice, and the intensity of their feeling about the war. Its undue bias is owing to the absence of proportional voting. The defeat of the Liberals was secured by the device of the coupon. For the first time in our political history we have had a formal Government list of candidates. Mr. George took a leaf from the book of Louis Napoleon. He ordered the election, probably expecting and desiring a small but sufficient majority. But he let a Tory brewer "make" it, the glamor of the war and the sudden peace obscured it, and without knowing what they did, the people returned a mass of Tory Imperialists, which its leader will try not to follow.

MR. GEORGE, therefore, has made his bed, and must lie on it. But there still remains for him a narrow ground of choice. His speech at Carnarvon suggests that the size of the Tory majority which he created frightens him, and that he will make an effort to govern the country in spite of it. He was, he suggested, still a man of the people, and he desired to do his duty to the democracy. Very well. There is plenty to do. Mr. George can place himself by Mr. Wilson's side, and with him try to stem the tide of aggressive nationalism which is turning the peace into a mockery and Europe into a hell. Thus and only thus can he avoid conscription. He can give Ireland Home Rule on the Dominion plan, which even the "Daily Mail" suggests. He can warn his Tory majority that they exist on sufferance, and that, as he has made their power in the Parliament, so he can unmake it. He can tell them that Labor may be under-represented, but that it is strong enough outside to destroy all attempts to govern on the principles of the Employers' Federation. If Mr. George takes this line, he will not want support. We shall wait and see.

ONE result of the Irish elections is important. They conclusively dispose of many myths sedulously circulated by Sir Edward Carson and accepted in good faith here. In three of the nine Ulster counties, Sinn Fein carried all the seats by great majorities, save one, which it guaranteed by a compromise to the Irish Party. The combined Sinn Fein and Irish Party vote for self-government was overwhelming. So much for Ulster's integral devotion to the Union. There remain the six counties

which were to be included in the "clean cut." Of these, Tyrone, with its great area and central position, has always been regarded as a key county. But Tyrone returns a majority of members pledged to self-government, and Fermanagh ranges itself on the same side with a substantial plurality. These counties must no longer be included in the clean cut. In the remaining four counties it is not possible to ascertain from the polling the precise Anti-Partition vote. In these constituencies the Liberal Home Rulers, the followers of Mr. Dillon and the Anti-Partitionists, could not vote for Sinn Fein, and failing themselves to send forward candidates their opinion remains unexpressed. This is particularly the case in three of the four Down seats and two of the three Armagh seats. In the latter county a *plébiscite* would almost certainly reject any partition proposal. The remaining constituencies exhibit powerful minorities, sufficient on such a vital issue to give the Government pause, and in Belfast the figures indicate a growing labor feeling against Sir Edward Carson which will not fail to become more effective.

It has only to be added that the only Southern Unionist returned in an open constituency is a declared Anti-Partitionist, well known for his moderate views, and that Dublin University rejected the Carsonite candidate. The following are the figures on this issue:—

		NATIONALIST.	UNIONIST.
Donegal	...	39,081	4,799
Monaghan	...	21,488	4,497
Cavan	Two Sinn Fein Members unopposed.		
Tyrone	...	30,142	24,993
Fermanagh	...	13,041	11,292
Derry (City and Co.)	...	18,812	26,492
Antrim	...	8,638	48,808
Down	...	19,418	44,567
Belfast	...	29,504	85,247

Mr. WILSON's English visit has come to an end. In its personal aspects it has been a series of triumphs. Its political results are undisclosed; but in his addresses in London and Manchester the great President has adhered to his policy, and indicated with tolerable clearness the alternative to which America will be driven in the event of its rejection. This was most clearly exhibited in the Manchester speech. "If," he said, "the future had nothing for us but a new attempt to keep the world at the right poise by a balance of power, the United States would take no interest, because she will not join any combination of power which is not a combination of all of us." His language at Guildhall was equally emphatic. The future governance of the world, he said, was not to be given over to a union of Powers, "determined by the sword," and based on "competitive interests." "That sort of thing" was ended for ever. M. Clemenceau says that it is not ended, and that the future of France depends on it; it is therefore for the Conference to decide between him and Mr. Wilson. The only qualification which the President admitted was that the "individual items of the settlement" might not be altogether satisfactory, but that "subsequent adjustments" might make things right. We are doubtful whether a bad peace can be turned into a good one by patching it. America seems, indeed, to share our doubt. Her hope is for universal disarmament and the League of Nations. If she fails she will arm with the rest of the world.

M. CLEMENCEAU, not for the first time, has proclaimed his opposition to the whole order of ideas summed up in the Fourteen Points. Speaking in the French

Chamber on Sunday, after a sneer at "the arrival of Mr. Wilson from America with high ideals," he insisted that France must be guided by the fact that she is the country nearest Germany. For his part he remained faithful to the old system of the balance of power. Nations must organize their defence, and see to it that they had good frontiers and armaments. The system of alliances must be retained, and he would take it as his guiding thought at the Conference. From an international organization, "on which, however, no light had been shed," he would be willing to accept "additional guarantees for France." By way of illustrating his policy of alliances, he related a conversation with Mr. Lloyd George. "Do you realize," said Mr. George, "that without the British fleet you would have been unable to go on with the war?" M. Clemenceau agreed. "Are you," asked Mr. George, "disposed to do something which would make it impossible for us to do the same again?" and he replied that he was not. In other words, M. Clemenceau sets out from the assumption that he has to prepare against another 1914; he elects to do so by the old mechanism of the balance of power, alliances, navies, and armaments. If he is offered a League of Nations, he shrugs his shoulders and says, with a sceptical smile, that he will not disdain any additional guarantees that are offered him. Incidentally, he shows that he no more understands the old system than he sympathises with the new. For he suggests that if there had been a balance of power before the war, there would have been an instant common attack on the disturber of the peace. This is precisely the security which the balance did not provide, and which the League of Nations would.

In the same debate, M. Pichon, with equal candor but in more detail, threw considerable light on the meaning of the French policy of alliances and the balance of power. For the break-up of Austria French policy claimed especial credit, and also for the leading part in constituting and recognizing the Polish Tchecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav States. The aim of French policy was to reduce German strength to the lowest possible limits, and to prevent it from finding compensations in the Austrian populations for its losses elsewhere. The Allies had the means to solve the German-Austrian question without allowing this accession of strength to Germany. "But what," M. Renaudel interrupted from the Socialist benches, "if the Austrians desire in all freedom to be incorporated with Germany?" "Do you think," retorted M. Pichon, "that victory gives no rights over the vanquished?" Thus does French statecraft proclaim the right of the victors to dispose freely of the vanquished. The "means" by which German-Austria is to be reduced have been explained in Paris by the Tchech Premier, M. Benes. She is to be starved until she consents: (1) to abandon the Germans of Bohemia to Tchech domination, and (2) to desist from her plans of union with Germany. Vienna, under this treatment, says the British Red Cross Commissioner, an old Anglo-Indian doctor, is in a worse plight than India during a famine. It is said that wheat is at last being sent. Has Vienna, then, capitulated?

M. PICHON then went on to speak of Turkey. Here he based himself on historic title-deeds, agreements, and contracts which recognized the "century-old rights" of France in Syria, the Lebanon, Cilicia, and Palestine. M. Cachin retorted that the Syrians ask to be free, to which M. Pichon replied that these populations have long been the clients of France. M. Briand, called in by another interruption, affirmed the validity of the Secret Treaty for the partition of Turkey, and declared that Britain would honor her bond. In that statement M.

Pichon concurred. The Secret Treaty, it will be remembered, declared that France "obtains" Syria, Lesser Armenia, and Cilicia. Palestine was not excepted, and no provision was made for the Armenians. A non-committal phrase on this last race indicated that M. Pichon may consent to do something for them. Of the "national home" for the Jews he said nothing. Thus vanishes the great project of an independent Arab State, for without Syria it could be only a barbarous desert kingdom, and also Mr. George's scheme for a free Palestine. The Secret Treaties stand intact, and France demands her pound of flesh.

* * *

TURNING next to Russia, M. Pichon uttered the usual platitudes: the Allies had gone to Russia only to fight the Germans, and were not intervening in national affairs. "If an offensive was necessary to destroy Bolshevism, it must be made by Russian forces. Our aid aims at assuring them a superiority in material over the Bolsheviks"; further, the Allies would bring about "economic encirclement of Bolshevism." In the course of a vigorous heckling it turned out that M. Pichon was ignorant of the fact that his client Admiral Koltchak has imprisoned the Omsk Ministers and constituent deputies. An onslaught on Bolshevik terrorism was met by Socialist reminders of 1793. In point of fact, the tardy news which comes in goes to show that the "white" terror in Russia was even worse than the "red," which was appalling enough. In Finland about 10,000 Socialist prisoners were slaughtered. At Kazan every workman suspected of Bolshevism was shot without trial. Only this week the "Times" reports with full approval the shooting of sixty Bolsheviks (mostly railway operatives) by Admiral Koltchak. M. Pichon's statement seems to mean that there are to be no large Allied expeditions to Russia, but only subsidies to the counter-revolution. The main weapon against Bolshevism will evidently be starvation.

* * *

THE full meaning of M. Pichon's statement that the Allies recognize the Polish Council set up in Paris as the only Government of Poland has grown clearer during the week. Poland has itself set up a national Coalition Government under the national hero, General Pilsudski, which is chiefly Socialist, but anti-Bolshevik. Pilsudski, the creator of the Polish Legion, was the fierce enemy of Tsardom, but was sufficiently anti-German to have spent the last year as a prisoner in a German fortress. The Allied protégé, M. Dmowski, was, on the contrary, pro-Russian—i.e., pro-Tsarist, and specializes in Clericalism and anti-Semitism. On his behalf M. Paderewski has gone to Posen, and is being followed by a Polish Legion recruited in France, which has landed in Danzig. A conflict between the two armed forces—the aristocratic and the populace—might easily be the consequence. The Dmowski Party, with French support, is busily jumping claims, occupying the essentially German town of Danzig, and proceeding in Posen, Silesia, and wherever any Poles at all are found, to make an accomplished fact for the Peace Conference. The result is chaos; bloodshed in Posen, strikes in Silesia. The very difficult task of drawing the Polish frontiers ought to be left to an expert and impartial Commission, which will hear all parties. The drawing of frontiers by armed partisans is a repetition of the worst precedents of Brest-Litovsk.

It is clear that Italy stands as stiffly by her own particular Secret Treaty as France stands by the Turkish partition. The doings of the Italian commanders in the occupied parts of South Slav territory are evidence enough. If Italy valued the friendship of the Serbs, and meant to make the least concession to them, she would

not challenge anger as she has done by such sharp practice as her occupation of Fiume. The prospect of any change in the attitude of Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino is, we fear, remote. That is, we take it, the meaning of Signor Bissolati's resignation with two colleagues, from the Cabinet. An old advocate, before his entrance to office, of a friendly understanding with the South Slavs, he had evidently done his best inside the Ministry, and as clearly he has failed. We never thought, as Sir Arthur Evans did, that the Italian Government adopted the findings of the Rome Conference. It had a policy ready for either event. The event turns out to be victory, and accordingly it claims the maximum. Sir Arthur Evans supposes that our Foreign Office holds itself bound by the Secret Treaty. But what then becomes of the Fourteen Points? By those also it is bound. They are in flat contradiction with the treaty.

* * *

THE fighting in Berlin on Christmas Day does not seem to have weakened the Ebert Government seriously. The incident showed very bad management. A mere soldiers' quarrel over pay and quarters was allowed to become political. Orders to fire on the rioters were given by the Majority Section of the Cabinet without consulting the Minority. In the end, after resorting to force, the Government failed to obtain the mastery in Berlin. None the less the resignation of the Minority members of the Government has strengthened it, by making it homogeneous. A certain *rapprochement* is noticed between the Majority Socialists and the new Democratic Party (i.e., the old "Radicals"). It is the Minority (Independents) who are isolated, for even after quitting the Government they are assailed as violently by the Spartacus group as by the Moderates. Demonstrations were held by all parties in Berlin on Sunday which rallied, it is said, 400,000 for the Majority Socialists, about 50,000 "Democrats," and at most 20,000 for the Spartacus group. The last, however, have arms. The omens all point to mutual support between Majority Socialists and Democrats at the elections, of which the natural issue would be a progressive Coalition Ministry. The revolution, in short, becomes every day more decidedly a political rather than a social upheaval. Any steps to socialization will be gradual and opportunist. If the Allies desire, however, to foment the Bolshevik movement they need only refuse food and raw materials.

* * *

THE Peace Conference is to begin its sittings on January 13th. The Government will be represented by Mr. George, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Bonar Law, an obviously incomplete list, for no Labor delegates are mentioned. Liberalism, we suppose, will be entirely excluded, though it represents Mr. Wilson's views, to which nominally the British Government adhere. The official representation is on the whole good, and not unprogressive. Lord Hardinge, Sir William Tyrrell, Sir Louis Mallet, and Sir Eyre Crowe, are not only the "pick" of the Foreign Office; they stand, on the whole, for a rational and fairly progressive view of European policy. How vital the presentment of such a view is can be gathered from Mr. Daniels's announcement that unless the Conference proclaims a peace of disarmament, America will proceed with her plans for creating "incomparably the greatest navy in the world." That, we imagine, is Mr. Wilson's answer to M. Clemenceau. If France re-arms, America arms; and, in any case, she provides no grounds whatever for the French Premier's calculation that the peace of the world will be kept in future by an expansion of the *Entente* so as to include America.

Politics and Affairs.

THE "VICTORY."

THE Election of 1918 may have been lost for the peoples of Great Britain, and for much that their sons have died for, but, nominally at least, it has been won for Mr. Lloyd George. The Prime Minister has had good hunting. He had a party that failed to bend to his will or serve his immediate purpose, and he has destroyed it. He wished to be rid of an Opposition: none survives able to recall the historic battles of Parliament. He would be disembarassed of old comrades in Church and State: they are mostly at the bottom of the polls. He objected to criticism: he has a *servum pecus* which follows him for what it can get. Political principles were in his way: there is nothing to trouble him among the people who have scrambled, ticket in hand, through his turnstiles. The past need disturb him no more than the present. There will be no Maurice debates in the Parliament of 1919. Have there been defects in his war plans or scandals in his war administration? They will be hushed up or passed over. Mr. George has no rival talent to fear; the device of the pledge, the bargain with the reaction, the brand of pacifism or Bolshevism, have disposed of any such intruder on his peace. With adequate bribery and sufficient tact, he may hope to sail through years of office. Gladstone and Disraeli, in the height of their authority, had no such power as Mr. George seems able to wield.

But "seem" is one thing; "have" is another. We have mentioned the material symbols of Mr. George's success. And yet we are disposed to doubt whether his triumph is as solid as it appears. Napoleon won a great victory at Borodino. But Borodino merely opened the road to Moscow; and in the mass of Mr. George's majority, and still more in its quality, lies one of the most critical situations that ever developed in British politics. Frankenstein did not like his monster; how does Mr. George like his Tory majority of 386? Judging by his Carnarvon speech, he does not like it at all. Mr. George tells us that he still adores the people. But somehow he has contrived to give the people's enemies a greater majority at Westminster than the greatest reactionary leader ever secured for them. Consider the circumstances. The country has just emerged from a fearful trial of its strength, and an equally heavy strain on its moral endurance. It needs a strong arm to lean upon, a high character to look to. Above all, it requires to feel the general harmony of purpose, the combination, though not the fusion, of interests which the representative system affords. All these supports and safeguards are, either wanting to it, or have been deliberately withheld. The new Parliament is not merely unrepresentative. It is misrepresentative. The legend that Mr. George won the war deforms the essential truth that millions of men won it. How do those millions appear at Westminster? In the person of the deeply wronged army not at all; for an "absent voter" is not a voter in any sense implying a serious act of citizenship. Still less is the House of Commons a reflection of the mind of organized Labor. A vote of about five million men and women has given Capitalism and Conservatism some 380 representatives; a vote of over two millions and a quarter has produced less than

sixty Labor Members. Liberalism is equally maltreated. It is an historical party, which in the main has governed Britain for three generations, and it can still command over a million and a quarter votes. But its strength in Parliament is reduced to a shadow. Government goes to some extent by tradition. Men who have been in office can check the acts of the men who succeed them. This kind of criticism is impossible, for all the Liberal ex-Cabinet Ministers have disappeared. Ireland, again, is our great political difficulty. And Irish Nationalism has simply voted her out of our system of government. Mr. George's legions have a formidable air. But where is the substance of their power? Suppose the sixty Labor Members get tired of government by a House of Landlords and Capitalists and Big Business men, and follow the seventy Sinn Feiners into voluntary exile? What will then be the force of constitutional government? Just nothing at all.

Now these facts do not stand for a freak of the Parliamentary system. They are either acts of Mr. Lloyd George or inevitable fruits of his policy. He issued the edict against Liberalism and raised the hue and cry against Labor. He exiled Mr. Asquith and put M. de Valera in power. To him the soldier owes a real disfranchisement and the country the slovenly test of opinion that was alone offered to it. His imperious temper would not tolerate criticism, even the reserved criticism of the Maurice debate. What moral force does he think to attach to himself through a tied Parliament? Does it come from the serried ranks of wealth which he alone has summoned in response to the national effort of the war? On the contrary, it lies outside. He commands one economic force, that of capital; the other, which is organized labor, has completely evaded him. Or take his foreign policy. Great spiritual elements contend on the European stage for the lives of millions and the liberties of a world. They call for a lofty and daring approach. Mr. Wilson does so approach them. Mr. George sees them as lines on his playbill. "Hanging the Kaiser" is, for him, a good platform "stunt," and he uses it to pin down vast issues to the fate of one miserable man. He does not really want to hang the Kaiser, or to skin Germany to the bone, or to banish every German from England for ever. Doubtless he only thought that if he talked like a gentleman the "Daily Mail" would trip his heels, and the "Daily Mail" may have thought the same of Mr. George. So he took the easiest way to collect a force which he could presently manipulate—to what end? There is no sign that he knows or has calculated it. While he plots out seats and candidates, every Nationalist in Europe has been busy re-planning civilization. Where does British policy stand in this rapidly moving show of disparate ambitions? Not one elector in a million was permitted a real glimpse of it. The Election of 1880 was a continuous lecture in foreign policy. To-day, when the conduct of foreign affairs means liberty or slavery to millions of young Britons, not one intelligible word is spoken on them. A stranger in our gates gives noble expression to what our best men in Church and State are thinking. The inmate of Downing Street is silent.

Nevertheless, some consecutive thought must be applied to the future of the world and of our own politics. The new Parliament looks very like a House of Profiteers. Mr. George, the democrat, has summoned the most reactionary assembly ever brought together under a vote resembling universal suffrage. Still it is a Parliament, and the very incoherence of its mandate, the looseness of the appeal which brought it together and formed such character as it possesses, render it peculiarly sensitive to the pressure of masses of un-

represented or misrepresented opinion outside. Here is its chance. The coupon system cannot survive the war, either for men's meat or their politics. The Government is a bureaucracy, and even the worst Parliament is jealous of the bureaucratic system, while a sovereign Parliament like ours has the power, if it pleases, to check or even to crush it. And the new House of Commons will soon be made aware, through a thousand rills of information, of the growing and dangerous unpopularity of the new Administration. Two issues emerge already—Conscription and Ireland. Does Mr. George wish to drown an Irish rising in blood? We think not. Then he must face Sir Edward Carson, and, if necessary, force a Dominion settlement. Should he fail and should he impose Conscription, his policy will encounter a form of resistance new to our politics. Parliament can then exercise a restraining influence, and the Labor Party, with its Radical allies, will be its chief agent. The little band of Tory democrats will be another. But let the Labor Party be under no delusion. It got a large vote from the intellectuals, but its new policy of fusing brain-workers and hand-workers in a common organization has not matured, and its Parliamentary strength is of the good old tough trade-unionist consistency. As it stands it is no match for the bureaucracy. The vast and intricate play of foreign policy will be as strange to it as to many of its new members will be the forms and habits of Parliamentary life. But one inestimable service it can render. It can be faithful. If it is again divided and coaxed into office, and its leaders accept the shadow of power without the substance, it will perish, and its fall will shake the whole structure of representative government. Labor will cease to trust the Parliamentary atmosphere; it will seem to it charged with seduction. There is always an alternative, "direct action" as a political and economic weapon, the mastery of the workshop and of the industrial system as the aim. If that attraction prevails, power will not only pass into other hands than those of the Labor leaders of to-day, it will find new forms of expression. This time, therefore, Labor must stand firm. Help will come to it; for though knowledge and conscience are divided from politics and from each other, they may be reconciled. It is the work of democracy to re-unite them.

SETTING THE IDOL UP AGAIN.

M. CLEMENCEAU is a wit whom Nature and the French tradition equipped with the sharp weapon of irony. Was he joking when he talked in his notable speech to the French Chamber of the Balance of Power in Europe? We had supposed that the mind of civilization had outlived that conception, and discarded it. For a balance is no longer attainable. The idea had survived from the mechanical politics of the eighteenth century, where it held its place with the balance of the estates in the constitution. It had a meaning so long as the Great Powers of Europe were grouped in approximately equal alliances. The Entente and the Central Powers were, or were thought to be, more or less a match for each other. The theory of the Balance assumed that the dread of the consequences of a struggle between groups of antagonists so near in equipoise would avail to stave off war. The two groups lived indeed in an uneasy atmosphere of fear and suspicion, but their very dread of each other inspired prudence and a certain consideration. Not from equity nor yet from brotherly love, but rather from fear of a conflagration, the two combinations did habitually pay

a modicum of regard to each others' interests and susceptibilities. For twenty years the balance created by the Anglo-French alliance availed to postpone war, but when the clash came, its effect was to make war universal.

The war has shattered the theory with the balance itself. Who but a humorist could talk of a balance to-day? Set the naval power of Britain, America, and Japan, the military genius of France, the numbers of the American and British population, the make-weight of Italy, the considerable military potentialities of Techecho-Slovaks, Poles, and Serbs, the material resources of both the Americas and Asia and all Africa in one scale. There is in the other nothing but an isolated German nation, stripped of its allies, disarmed of its useless fleet, docked of its mines of iron ore, broken by the knowledge that its discipline, its numbers, and its scientific skill will avail it nothing, if ever again a siege is made around its restricted homeland.

The "Balance of Power" was to our thinking the most disastrous theory which ever cursed our international life. The statesman who talks of it to-day revives an obsolete theory for the working of a broken machine. Apply group politics to this situation and there will result something much worse than the old civility with precaution, the consideration tempered by suspicion of the armed peace. With the same egoism, the same nationalism, the same faith in armaments and strategy, the old realism of the past, there can be neither bargain, nor barter, nor negotiation. One side has nothing to fear; the other nothing to hope. What M. Clemenceau calls a balance, will seem to others hegemony. From the Rhine eastwards, from the Brenner Pass northwards, over the whole of our old continent, up to the Sea of Japan, there is no longer standing a stable political structure which can resist or disobey. If they should seek inspiration in the old motives of national self-interest, Britain, France, and America, with Italy and Japan at their side, could treat as subject peoples the whole of the Germanic and Slavonic races.

M. Clemenceau, however, is certainly not joking. To this veteran the balance of power has a narrow and local meaning. It means the age-long tension between the two secular enemies who face each other across the Rhine. As it was in the days of Charles, of Francis, of Louis XIV., and the two Napoleons, so for him it will ever be. He has seen two invasions, and for him the meaning of his life is that at the end, he has presided over the grand reversal of 1870. He looks out to fresh conflicts with the same enemies. He hopes only to fight next time on German soil. The attempt may be made again to dispute the possession of the "challenge cup." And so he sets to work to make France secure by the old mechanics of the balance. With the aid of M. Pichon's more detailed speech it is easy to trace his thought. He has given us the key. The "system of alliances" is to be his guide at the Peace Conference. That will mean, very clearly, that each Ally is to back the other in all its claims. Friction and competing ambitions must be avoided, but the world is wide enough to satisfy the ambitions of all. America, luckily, asks nothing for herself. Japan moves in a restricted orbit. The mechanism of the new system will run smoothly if France, Britain, and Italy are satisfied. What France desires is easily set down. She claims Alsace-Lorraine, with all its mineral riches, without the formality of any *plébiscite*—though to-day a referendum must go overwhelmingly in her favor. To Alsace she must add the valuable coal-fields of the Saar Valley, with its purely German population. What further guarantee she requires on the left

bank of the Rhine is not clear as yet. It will not, we think, be annexation: she would welcome the creation, on M. Poincaré's formula, of a neutral buffer State: she will require, at the least, neutralization, which means that this big German population will be deducted from the defensive strength of Germany, and that in some vital matters, especially transport, it will be cut off from Berlin. Next, M. Pichon has avowed that he hopes to be able to thwart the desire of the Austrian-Germans for union with the mass of their race. Finally, it is doubtful whether the French Foreign Office is a restraining force in dealing with the appetites of other competitors for a share in the carcase of the fallen giant. The Poles claim not only all mixed territories which contain, with a small though genuine Polish majority, a large German minority; they also claim the Masurian and Silesian regions which may be ethnologically Polish, but are by culture, assimilation, and sympathy predominantly German. The Tchechs will not surrender even the easily detachable German fringe of historic Bohemia and Moravia. Italy must have the purely German South Tyrol as well as the Italian Trentino. If all, or half, of these excessive demands were satisfied, the peace would mean the creation of a huge German "irredenta," with focuses of unrest as numerous as the world knew in 1914, and it may be more embittered.

M. Clemenceau is a realist. He faces facts. He does not imagine that if the enemy is treated in this way he will thereafter sit down, contented, penitent, and disarmed, to contemplate the beauty of the League of Nations. The French mind is happily free from that form of hypocritical stupidity. It knows very well that if it does this, it must secure itself by an overwhelming alliance, and pay to each ally his price. M. Clemenceau begins by conceding what our own Imperialists chiefly value. There need be no reduction of the British Navy. Disarmament is only for our enemies. What is more important, France will support us in resisting the American reading of the Freedom of the Seas. That means that in a quarrel purely our own, without reference to process of arbitration or conciliation, we shall be free, without waiting for the assent of the League of Nations, to use the weapons of capture, embargo, and blockade. In other words, we retain the right, without any obligation to secure the assent of civilization, to reduce our antagonists by siege. Thus the central idea of the League is undermined. Force, in its most effectual use, escapes the control of the society of peoples. We emerge from the war (subject to future American rivalry) the masters of irresistible force, obedient to our own conscience and to no other control. That is the negation of any real international organization. It will be found, we imagine, that M. Clemenceau's alliance is no one-sided bargain. Fleets are useful, but their operation is slow, and the need of a large land army to reinforce the decimated ranks of France is not likely to be forgotten. Mr. George will have to pay for an unrestricted Navy by making military service in some form compulsory. Italy is also within the ring. Her claims to South Slav territory are excessively inconvenient, for the Serbs are splendid military material with a juvenile delight in war, allies not to be despised or alienated. If the Serbs do not get all their rights in Dalmatia, they may be allowed to take North Albania, and to retain Bulgarian Macedonia. Africa and Asia are an illimitable field. M. Pichon staked out French claims very clearly. He insisted that the Secret Treaty for the partition of Turkey survives. Arab nationalism in Syria must yield to the historic claims ("century-old

rights," he called them) of France. The limitations imposed by treaty on the French occupation of Morocco must be removed. Throw in the German African colonies, the British claim to Mesopotamia, and the elastic Italian claims in Turkey and Africa, and one reaches some conception of what is meant by M. Clemenceau's "system of alliances" and M. Pichon's "rights of victory." Three Powers will divide between them the exploitable world of Africa and the Near East. In the Danube area, the Balkans, and what once was Russia, they will do as seems good in their eyes, claiming still, though the war is over, the right of the Entente to the "loyalty" of Russians.

In this scheme of the world we have a purely French system, conceived under an horizon limited by the Rhine, the Danube, and the Mediterranean. Regarded merely as a cynical essay in "might politics," it lacks vision. It would fit the American policy of Senator Lodge, but his policy is one of isolation. In this system there is no place for the United States. Great Britain is not a European Power, and sooner or later, with African, Oceanic, and Far Eastern questions to think of, our relations with America and Japan, and theirs to each other, would concern us more than the maintenance of an untenable and unstable system on the Danube, the Vistula, and the Rhine. For a time, perhaps, Poles and Tchechs, each holding down big subject German populations, would remain the steady allies of France, much as Germany, Austria, and Russia were held together by their common interest in repressing the Poles. These are feudal politics, however, which cannot survive the new proletarian internationalism. The burden of militarism imposed on Italy, Poland, Bohemia, and the South Slavs, not to mention France herself, would, sooner or later, expose them also to the revolutionary ferment. To unite a Europe, divided by racial injustices, against "Bolshevism" would prove to be an impossible feat of political gymnastics. Already France has to renounce a large expedition to Russia. Can she safely add Syria to her overseas possession, and retain the force always in reserve that may be wanted to intervene in the Danubian chaos? The unsettlement is too vast. The war-weariness of all the European peoples differs only by degrees. To maintain this vast structure of force, the Allies must have at command man-power which will always be ready to go anywhere and do anything. Not one of them has that.

America alone has the unspent human resources which could guarantee a settlement. Since the signature of the armistice, Mr. Wilson has spoken with an unwonted reserve. The old definiteness, the sharp statement of theses, the dividing trenchant logic, have been veiled. In the Manchester speech, however, two or three sentences leapt out from the slighter context, and by a chance that is no chance, stood in complete contradiction to what M. Clemenceau was saying at the moment in Paris. Mr. Wilson rejects the whole system of the Balance of Power. He will have no partial alliances. He is still where he stood in September. America, he again tells us, "will join no combination of power which is not a combination of all of us." There is, as Mr. Wilson indicated in a passage which suggested not a little disillusion, every probability that some of the details of the peace settlement will be unsatisfactory. That makes a case for future revision. But revision will be impossible if the system of alliances survives. Alliance means that no partner is free to act on his view of the merits of a case. For imperfections Mr. Wilson is prepared. But a settlement which rests on alliances he will not guarantee. The distinction is trenchant. Without alliances, the project of the Left Bank of the Rhine, the aggrandizement of Italy in

defiance of nationality, the partition of Turkey, the inflation at the expense of other races of the Poles and the Techechs would be a risk which hardly even a short-sighted statesman would take. The dilemma sharpens. MM. Clemenceau and Orlando may elect to stand together on the policy of alliances, indemnities, trade preferences, and territorial gains. Great Britain may join them. In that case, Mr. Wilson returns to America; the Monroe Doctrine is resumed, and the League of Nations abandoned. In the other event, a League of Peace, based on a general renunciation of claims that are not truly and clearly national, is set up. The country, blindfolded, has given Mr. Lloyd George the power to choose between these alternatives. When we know his choice, and not till then, it will be clear whether the war was waged to deliver men, or only to carry them from the uneasy prologue of the armed peace to a sequel of graver risks and heavier burdens, leading to catastrophe.

THE PRESS AND THE ELECTION.

THE article which follows is written by one who does not believe in the Coalition and regards the Prime Minister's appeal to the electorate as one of the most disgraceful episodes in English politics. The election therefore presents itself to him as a problem. How is it that the people can be so duped? And must it always be so?

This is an old problem, as old at least as the Greeks, whose greatest thinker summed up, more than two thousand years ago, all the arguments on the subject that have passed current since. He defended democracy, in spite of his aristocratic bias, on the ground that those who have to pay should call the tune. We are not ourselves physicians, but we choose our physicians, and dismiss them if they do not give us what we want—health. We are not political experts, but we choose those who are, and dismiss them if they do not give us what we want—prosperity. The method works very imperfectly, but its achievement at least is not worse than that of autocracy, which gave the world the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the Stuarts, and the Bourbons. And it has more promise in it. For an autocracy must get worse, while a democracy may get better, since it opens a door of influence to all the forces in society. To the bad ones, however, as well as to the good. So that democracy can never be an assured triumph, but must be a perpetual struggle. We ought not, therefore, to be unduly discouraged when democracy goes wrong.

It is most likely to go wrong in the region of foreign affairs, for there it is most ignorant. It is in the region of his own business and his own daily life that every man is strong; for there he knows more than any politician or pressman, and he cannot be duped. That is why an electorate may be expected to show sense about many of the questions handled by modern parliaments—such as tariffs, insurance, factory laws, education, public health. For all these things touch close upon everyday affairs. And people know, or may easily be shown, how the details of their lives are going to be affected by the legislation proposed. But foreign policy seems as remote as the stars, and ignorance about it is abysmal. Now the present election was about foreign affairs. Broadly, two policies were laid before the electorate. One set of people said "Vote for Mr. Lloyd George because he won the war and because he will make the Germans pay." Another set said, "Vote for the man who believes in reconciliation, in a League of Nations, and a durable peace." The followers of Mr. Lloyd George, no doubt, did not actively repudiate these latter aims; but they

suppressed them or kept them in the background, following their leader himself, who, in the final summary of his programme, confined his international aspirations to two points, one of which was revenge and the other loot. He won on that programme. But he could have won on the other if he had chosen. For in these matters the people, having no knowledge and no independent judgment, are in the hands of their leaders. If Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and the other political chiefs of Europe had felt, thought, and spoken from the first as President Wilson has done, the whole state of the world would have been different from what it is, and far more rich in hope. They did not. They appealed consistently to the transitory and the baser passions. They have their reward in power; and the world may have it in ruin. For we are committed now, it would seem, to continuing armaments, to continuing economic war (for that is the implication of Imperial Preference), possibly to war with Russia, and to civil war in Ireland. The people, without knowing it, have given the Coalition a free hand for all these things and more. That will be their reward for so trustfully voting for "the man who won the war."

But it would be unreasonable to condemn democracy because of this result. The result would not have been better without democracy, and might have been worse. Rulers and statesmen, left to themselves, unchecked by public opinion, have made the history of the world a shambles of blood. And Mr. Lloyd George, after all, though he chose the worse part at the Election, is capable at least of understanding those truer and deeper aspirations of mankind that underlie the passions to which he chose to appeal. It is even possible that he might try and make a better peace than Pitt would have made or than Castlereagh did make. What we have to quarrel with is not democracy, but the influences which control it.

And of these, after or before the public men, the chief is the Press. The power of the Press, it is said, can be exaggerated, and no doubt it can, for its power depends on the ignorance of the electorate. It will be great in proportion as the people cannot check its statements from their own experience. Where the people know, it will not pay the Press to lie, for the lie will be found out too soon; but in foreign affairs, where the people are ignorant, the Press will be omnipotent. So it has been throughout the war, and so it will be during the making of peace. That would not matter if the Press were what it might be—a source of true information, of high principle, and of noble passion. But the daily Press is, in fact, with a few distinguished exceptions, a source of lies, opportunism, and baseness. It is controlled by rich men who have bought up newspapers partly to make money out of them, partly to push their class or sectional interests. At the best, it debauches the mind of the people by pandering to their tired moods, to the demands of overworked men and women for triviality, gambling, and malicious gossip. At the worst, it poisons the springs of national and international life. The men who control it are the same kind of men who once were robber-barons. The highest range of their feeling is a predatory nationalism. They know nothing and they want to know nothing: they understand nothing and they want to understand nothing. They are there to make money, and to fish in the waters they trouble. Yet these men, getting fewer and fewer, and each of them more and more powerful, exercise, especially in foreign affairs, an influence compared to which that of the Church in its best days was negligible, and that of the whole educational system, from the elementary school to the university, does not count in the balance.

For the tremendous function they have thus assumed neither proprietors nor writers have undergone any preparation or discipline of mind or soul. The Press is a band of adventurers out for loot. Yet the fate of nations is in its hands.

In the past there was at least a check upon this enormous power. Statesmen, though they could not be indifferent to the Press, were not its slaves. They could and did act contrary to its suggestions. They could and did appeal from it to the public. But Mr. Asquith was probably the last British statesman to venture on that course. He was indifferent to the Press, and the Press destroyed him. Dimly indeed one sees behind the scenes during the earlier months of the war a final struggle between these new demagogues and the Ministers of the Crown. The demagogues won. Lloyd George replaced Mr. Asquith, and Lord Northcliffe took charge of Mr. Lloyd George. Henceforth this country is ruled not by Parliament, not by the Cabinet, but by a hand that is not even hidden—the hand of the stunt Press.

And the remedy? There seem to be only two lines of approach to that. One is education. But education, though the most potent of influences, is also the most slow. It is the tortoise racing the hare. And while it is conquering an inch of ground its rival is conquering miles. We must educate; yet education will hardly save us from our corruptors. There remains a possibility which may seem chimerical. Could not the Press be converted? Could not proprietors, editors, and writers be brought to see that power involves responsibility? After all, even journalists are men. And if their humanity could be brought into contact with their profession, would they not want to exercise their profession more nobly? Yet they probably do not even know it. They certainly do not realize it. Could they not be made to do so? We need an apostle to Fleet Street.

DEMOCRACY AT THE POLL.

THE Election statistics furnish several obvious but not unimportant reflections upon British democracy in being. Rather more than half of the electorate was unable or unanxious to contribute towards this critical expression of the will of the people. In London and Birmingham less than 46 per cent. troubled to record their vote. In Manchester the percentage was 54, in Glasgow it was 58, the average for Scotland being 54. Nowhere, we believe, did the voting exceed 60 per cent. Nor is this low figure adequately explained by the base betrayal of our soldiers' civic rights. For though the soldiers' vote seems not to have exceeded 30 per cent., this low figure does not serve to redeem the situation of the ordinary electorate. It stands on record that the most critical act of judgment the people of the country has ever been called upon to exercise has been evoked in an atmosphere especially prepared for the darkening of the understanding.

What may be termed the fortune of the game played up to the dealer. For the Government, with 56 per cent. of the votes in their favor, managed to secure 87 per cent. of the seats. Their obstinate rejection of proportional representation in the passage of the Franchise Act was thus well justified by the event. It has given them a Parliamentary strength enormously exceeding their true electoral strength. But none of these mitigating circumstances disposes of the gravity of the situation which, as the result of a war for liberty and democracy, has enthroned in Britain the strongest reactionary Government in our modern history. As one scans the political map one finds the forces of reaction

pervasive in their sweep throughout England. A few small centres of Liberal resistance are found in Durham and Northumberland, in East Lancashire and the West Riding and a patch in North Devon and East Anglia. But Liberalism as an effective political force has disappeared from the House of Commons, and in large measure from the country.

For one of the most significant statistical facts is the shrinkage of the Liberal vote throughout the country to little more than half the dimensions of the Labor vote. The Labor Party, gradually creeping up during the last three elections, has now easily and swiftly passed the Liberal Party and taken its place as the main instrument of political progress. Ill-equipped as it stands at present in *personnel* and in parliamentary power, it occupies the formal status of the Opposition and must henceforth be regarded as the natural successor to the rights and responsibilities of government when, as is certain in the not distant future, the monstrous fabric of this reaction collapses before the stern realities of the new statecraft. And yet it is impossible to look with high confidence to the power and aptitudes of Labor, as exhibited in this election, for the successful performance of the high and difficult tasks which confront it, either as an Opposition or as an early possible Government. We suppose that of the twenty million and more electors upon the roll, at least sixteen millions must be men and women of the wage-earning and laboring classes. Yet the total Labor vote cast at this election amounted to about 2½ millions, a considerably smaller number than the aggregate of the trade union members formally attached to the Labor Party. From this premiss several conclusions must follow. Since the Labor votes admittedly include great numbers of women and of middle-class Liberals (in constituencies where no authentic Liberal was standing), it is clear that large numbers of trade unionists deserted the Labor Party to which they were committed by their delegates at Labor conferences, and voted Liberal or Unionist, while many must have abstained from voting.

Again, assuming that the number of middle-class voters who polled for Labor were no more than one-third of a million, we come to the conclusion that the Labor Party only commands the allegiance of one-eighth of the working-class electors. This is to our mind matter for grave consideration, especially for those Labor politicians who represent trade-unionism as the backbone of British democracy. For so long as this immense majority of working men and women remains industrially and politically uneducated and unorganized, there is little hope of Labor securing and holding any real control of political affairs. The cleavage of status and interests between the working classes and the bourgeoisie, about which we hear so much, is to our minds of less real significance than that between the organized and the unorganized working classes.

And for this reason. A large section of the bourgeoisie in a modern industrial society, including those large numbers of professional men and women who form the intellectual proletariat, can be fused into an effective alliance with skilled manual labor by the community of interest which the concentrated power of modern capitalism and the financial and official developments of the new State will bring into being. But it will continue to be possible for the ruling classes, who desire to wield the powers of Government, to have at their call in an electoral emergency this great unconscious mass vote of the unorganized workers. For by stimulating this mass mind, normally inert and careless of politics, it can pour the resources of the ballot-box

upon any dangerous growth of the democratic spirit among the organized workers and citizens. The extension of the franchise has in this matter quite evidently strengthened the forces of reaction, and the experiment of this snatch election enables the master-politician to understand the art of utilising them.

It was this mass mind or, strictly speaking, the more inflammatory strata of it, that Mr. George and his machine set themselves to capture for the polling day. When we reflect upon this situation, we marvel not at the success of Mr. George's tactics, but at the moderate dimensions of that success. If he had not been baulked in the cinema stunt which he and his friends had planned, if his propagandists had not prematurely soaked the general mind to satiety, several millions more of the electors might have been brought up to the poll.

The fact remains that there still exists 50 per cent. of the electorate, nearly all of them working men and women, whose political consciousness has not even been aroused to the point needed to bring them up to the poll. Here is a huge reserve force for democracy or for reaction. If democracy is to win them, it must educate and organize them, if it can. Unless it succeeds, reaction gets and holds them at its disposal. The Labor Party cannot safely shirk this task, though there will be temptations to do so, and to urge the sufficiency of a strongly-welded class-conscious minority to assume the rôle of political democracy. For the master-class will always have at their disposal the unorganized proletariat, an adequate percentage of which are at the call of some such sham Labor party as the British Workers' League. It must be the first business of the more enlightened Labor leaders to devise methods of meeting these tactics.

PARLIAMENT AND INDUSTRY.

THE two most influential interests in Great Britain at the present time are Capital and Labor. It may be said that these are not necessarily antagonistic interests; but, in any case, they are interests which demand and insist upon direct representation in Parliament. The Coalition is preponderantly representative of capitalistic interests; the Labor Party preponderantly representative of industrial labor. Neither is a mere representation of interests; but both owe most of their power to the interests which are behind them.

In the new House of Commons the Coalition accounts for nearly five hundred Members, reckoning in the Unionists who did not receive the Coalition ticket. Labor accounts for less than sixty Members. Smaller interests are almost entirely unrepresented, one of the features of the Election having been the rout of the women and the Independents. Of the Coalition Members, it is safe to say that a very large majority are interested in industry from the point of view of profits, as employers, financiers, company directors, managers, or in other capacities. The Labor representatives, on the other hand, are nearly all Trade Unions officials, with a very slight sprinkling of "workers by brain."

Can any person maintain that this really represents the balance of economic interests and forces in the country? Suppose we are confronted in the near future—it is a likely supposition—with a big strike. It is certain, whichever of our big industries is affected, that the balance of forces will be something like equal, and that the struggle will end in a compromise with more or less equal honors. Yet who can doubt that, faced with such a dispute, the temper of the new House of Commons will be overwhelmingly hostile, or that the House would be likely, unless its leader restrained it from motives of prudence, to mobilize against the strikers all the force of the State?

This is a very dangerous situation for the country. Mr. George, seizing an unparalleled opportunity, has presented us with a House of Commons which grossly

misrepresents the balance of forces in the country. In doing this, he has delivered himself into the hands of "Big Business," and made conflict with the organized Labor movement inevitable. At the same time, he has saddled himself with a parliamentary majority which is likely both to go the shortest way to creating industrial trouble, and to use the most reactionary methods of dealing with it when it has arisen. It is one thing to win, and win overwhelmingly, a "snap" election; it is quite another, as Mr. George will soon find, to govern the country with a reactionary Tory majority. He may hope to govern Parliament; but he may easily find it running away from his own notions of prudence down the steep places of reaction as soon as the trouble in the country begins, as begin it surely will.

It is hardly open to doubt that the movement of opinion in Great Britain during the war has been in the direction of equalitarianism and progress. How, then, has it come about that the first election under the new conditions has presented us with the most reactionary Parliament of modern times? It has happened because the Election has been fought mainly on the past instead of the future, and not at all on the vital issues of reconstruction. The Coalition Election managers played only two cards; but they played them well. The first was the "Men Who Won the War" card—an appeal to the historic past as described in the Yellow Press; the second the slogan of "Hang the Kaiser," and "Make Germany Pay." Hardly a word was said of the vast problems of reconstruction, and not a word of the great economic struggle of classes which is probably before us.

This struggle will not, except in one way, be affected by the Election. If Labor had lost every seat in Parliament, its loss would not have affected the balance of economic forces outside. It would, indeed, only have "gingered up" the economic demands, and increased the industrial activity of Labor. In a slightly less degree, this is likely to be the effect of what has actually happened. Certain of finding their champions in an almost insignificant minority in the House of Commons, the organized workers are likely to swing back from political to industrial action, and to attempt to gain by means of the strike the ends they cannot hope to gain by parliamentary means.

In fact, Mr. George has done a good day's work for the industrial extremists. Not merely the two and a half million voters who represent Labor's electoral strength under the most adverse conditions, but as many more who voted for the Coalition or the Liberals, or did not vote at all, can easily be moved to drastic action on an industrial issue. Mr. C. Jesson has been returned to Parliament on the Coalition Labor ticket; but already we find him threatening a strike of the men he represents. A small strike, it is true; but a significant sign that Labor's industrial strength is likely to be far more formidable than its political strength as revealed at the Election.

No one knows what the Coalition stands for in the sphere of domestic reconstruction. It did not fight the Election on that issue, and all its leaders' references to the subject were studiously vague. Yet everyone knows that the issues of domestic reconstruction will be the decisive issues as soon as the Peace Treaty has been signed. A strong Labor Opposition in the House of Commons would have sufficed to keep the Coalition reasonably straight on domestic issues, or, failing that, to force an early dissolution and the election of a more representative Parliament under fairer conditions. The new Labor Party, bereft of almost all outside aid, and shorn of many of its own most skilful leaders, is hardly likely to be able to do this. The task will therefore fall to forces outside Parliament.

Our experience of demobilization is already enough to convince us that the Government has no domestic policy. In disbanding the war workers, it is trying to smother discontent by an unproductive policy of doles, which are already costing the country several millions a week. It is taking no effective action to re-establish industry on a peace basis. It may, perhaps,

nationalize the railways; but, if it does, it will certainly do so on terms very favorable to the numerous railway directors in both Houses of Parliament. Doles and concessions to conflicting interests cannot be continued indefinitely; the time will come soon when the Government will have to make up its mind what its industrial and economic policy is to be, and, if that policy is a one-sided one, it may find arrayed against it the whole force of industrial labor.

In short, the General Election has not in any degree altered the balance of forces in the country: it has only shifted the ground of action from the political to the economic sphere. Mr. George has not been sparing in his denunciations of what he is pleased to call "Bolshevism" in the Labor Party. Those who know the Labor Party find difficulty in discovering this hidden hand of "Bolshevism"; but a drift to the left in the ranks of industrial labor may be regarded as almost certain; and Mr. George may yet live to regret that, in denying progressive movements a constitutional outlet, he has merely manufactured for the first time on a large scale the very article which he is eager to destroy. He has accomplished, and been mastered by, the Coalition of Capital; but, in doing so, he may yet find that he has also accomplished the Coalition of Industrial Labor.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

So John Bright's "foul idol" is to be set up again, refreshed with a new libation of blood. Its last incarnation is a trifle mysterious. How a balance of power can exist without a balance of Powers (*i.e.*, of Great Powers) I do not see, and M. Clemenceau, who is no metaphysician, fails to explain. But somehow this miraculous monism is to come about. Armaments and militarism are to go on, and as it is not German militarism, but only French, or British, or Italian, or American militarism, it will be quite all right. It might have been tactful for statesmen to postpone these cheerful sketches of the next war till the grass had grown a little higher over the graves of the boys who perished in the last. And there may be something to be said for a preliminary communication to our own Government. "France has won a gigantic victory," says M. Clemenceau. So she has; the war was a wonderful effort for that great nation. But as we played a pretty considerable part in it, and incidentally in the salvation of France from another 1870, so we, and not France alone, must pay for the kind of peace on which M. Clemenceau insists. Conscription here, Mr. Lloyd George has said, depends on conscription elsewhere. And if France is re-militarized, no Power will abstain.

BUT where does Mr. Wilson come in? He declared both at Manchester and at Guildhall that America had "no interest" in the maintenance of peace through the balance of power and a mere reconstruction of the war alliance. He is for the non-exclusive League of Nations, starting with the peace. M. Clemenceau is for a peace of power first, with material guarantees for France in the shape of annexations and armaments, strategic frontiers, balances of force, and the like, and then for any fresh moral guarantees that the League may offer him. Well, that is the voice of French Nationalism acclaiming the glorious reversal of 1870. Of that spirit M. Clemenceau is, and always was, the representative. But this scheme of things either spells anarchy or a French or a Franco-Italian government of Europe. With what

resources of men, money, and ships? Ours? America's? These questions must be answered. Mr. Wilson's reply may be assumed; indeed Mr. Daniels has already given it. If Mr. George is wise, our own cannot be essentially different.

MR. GEORGE has got his victory. Perhaps, like the American minister who prayed for rain and was answered by a waterspout, he has got a little more than he asked, and some unlooked for private blessings have been added to the cup. The Prime Minister will, doubtless, receive the ministrations of Mr. Bottomley with thankfulness, even though he misses those of Mr. Booth. But four hundred or so Tories in the new Parliament! What will he do with them or they with him? I imagine they will be open to offers. There will be plenty of jerry-building, and compensation to landlords will be on liberal terms. The printing press will be busy, and the loan market active. Wages will rise, and prices with them. There will be work for everybody and jobs for most, and the House of Lords will require enlargement. When the bill comes in Mr. George will not be there to discharge it. After him the deluge; but there will still be an ark (or at least a jolly-boat) for our *enfant prodigue*.

As for the electors, they voted on just as much as they knew, which was nothing at all. The Coalition majorities were enormous, but I fancy their size was largely due to the women. The ladies thoroughly enjoyed their first vote. Thousands put on their best bonnets, and trooped out to hang the "Cayzer." Many, I am told, considered that Mr. George represented both parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, and judged that in voting for him they performed an impartial act of citizenship. Others considered their voting-card (mostly sent by the Coalitionists) in the light of a coupon, and firmly grasping it, marched to the polling-booth to vote according to its direction. In East Fife the women voted in the sure and certain knowledge, diligently imparted by canvassers, that Mr. Asquith was a shareholder in Krupp's. The mass vote was firmly (and naturally) conservative. In the industrial districts, there was fear of strikes should the Labor Party come to power, though not if they were kept out of it. In the suburbs, Bolshevism was the enemy. In any case, Mr. George had given them the vote, and one good turn deserved another. When the woman's franchise becomes habitual and organized, there will, I think, be an intelligent application of it to the affairs of the nation. At present it reflects the general tendencies of the man voter, only more strongly, and, may be, with rather less responsibility.

THERE was a kind of Liberalism for which personally I feel no regret. It did for Jingoism what the Church does for Diabolism—made it respectable and gave it an entry into average thought and feeling. It always had a sneaking affection for its true affinity, which has now killed and eaten it. So does the lady spider slay her mate after marriage and then make a comfortable meal off him. But there is no room for rejoicing at the downfall of skill, experience, and moderation of thought and language. Now that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues have gone, these things find expression chiefly or only through the mouth of Lord Robert Cecil, and now even he is out of office. There is literally no one to speak for the country in language comparable to Mr. Wilson's, or in some correspondence with its essential greatness and power. Not only is the tone changed from the

classical style to rag-time, but there is a sense that in its present hands the nation is overmatched in intellect as well as in good form.

It is early to judge the character of the new Parliament. With at least a dozen equivocal figures in the mind's eye, it is easy to declare it the worst that ever sat, and the one that most needs watching. Mr. George's havoc tactics have stripped it of promise no less than of experience. It ought to reorganize itself for the criticism and control of the bureaucracy, and claim much more power than it has got. It is safe to say that it will do little of that kind. Outside the Treasury Bench, and the mass vote behind it, there will be small initiative. The House contains not a single Parliamentary leader of the accredited type. Mr. Pringle, the most brilliant of the guerillas, is gone; and Mr. Thomas's career in the House is still to come, though he may make great things of it. The most interesting of the Liberal remnant is Mr. Sydney Arnold; he has a fine mind, which may reach out in time to other subjects than finance. Its best leader would, I think, be Sir Donald Maclean. Its fighting recruit will be Mr. Benn, who won the best individual battle of the election. The Labor Party cannot replace such debaters as Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Anderson, but Mr. Graham, who sits for Central Edinburgh, comes in with a name for culture and intellectual force. Of one thing I am persuaded: in the Labor Party there is only one choice for leader, and that is Mr. Thomas, and only one policy, and that is opposition. Mr. Clynes is a very good speaker, and a thoroughly amiable and popular man. But he is no fighter, and his association with Government has been close and recent. Mr. Thomas, on the other hand, is free. He stands for a great industrial force, and leads it well. He has a mind of singular independence, and he is a fresh, ingenious, and even subtle debater. But any compromise with Government, any open door between the Parliamentary party and the Ministerial phalanx of wealth and power, will be a signal of ruin. Force will then pass from the Parliamentarians to the preachers of direct action, and the Labor Party, as four Parliaments have known it, will be no more.

ONE thing may be assumed. Mr. Asquith will accept no seat in the present Parliament, and it would be an insult to offer him one. The bargain which Sir George Younger drove with Mr. George was perfectly explicit on the subject of relationships between the Government and the Liberal Party. There was to be no *rapprochement* with Mr. Asquith. And, in fact, none was permitted or attempted. Mr. George made no approaches to reunion. On the contrary, he rebuffed or eluded the plain request for reconciliation made by the deputation of Manchester Liberals. He could do nothing else consistently with his pledge to the Tory Whip. The result was to create a huge Tory majority and incidentally to drive Mr. Asquith from Parliament. That act cannot be undone in an hour; nor is the new House a body in which Mr. Asquith has any desire to sit.

MR. WILSON's reception has been magnificent, by far the greatest given to any political figure since the days of Gladstone. He looked extremely well in his public progresses, stately but genial, his fine face alight with pleasure, but serious and self-controlled. The lines were massive; the color high; the firmness of the jaw showed character, and yet the general and prevailing suggestion was one of intelligence and refinement. Mrs. Wilson charmed everybody by her beauty and amiable

bearing, as well as by the grace, humor, and sense of her conversation. The chance of making real acquaintance with the President's mind and opinions was, of course, restricted, and they were only guardedly expressed in his speeches, finely phrased as they were, and perfectly delivered. The few who spoke freely with him were impressed by his quick mind and astute and independent judgment, no less than by his strength of nerve and will. "A big man," was a general verdict. I think they also judged him sanguine of the success of his resolute idealism in its encounter with the realists of Rome and Paris. There is the grand test of his personality and statesmanship.

"A FIFER" writes: In none of the comments on Mr. Asquith's defeat have I observed any reference to the fact that the East Fife which rejected him last Saturday was a greatly changed constituency from the East Fife of 1910 and previous elections. Under the redistribution scheme (certain parts of which were severely criticized by Scottish Liberal opinion at the time) some of the most Toryfied backwaters of the old and usually Unionist St. Andrews Burghs were diverted into East Fife with an effect on the political character of the constituency which was certainly appreciated at the moment by Sir George Younger, and also, I imagine, by most Scottish Liberals. May I add an expression of my own opinion, that Mr. Asquith might very easily have retained his seat and even increased his majority had he cared to remind the electors of Fife with sufficient emphasis, or permitted his friends to do so on his behalf, of certain incidents in the relations of Mr. Lloyd George and that famous son of Fife, Sir Douglas Haig? Not many politicians would have neglected so obvious a card, and personally I am doubtful whether on public grounds it ought not to have been played.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE NATURE OF CIVILIZATION.

WE look down from the mountain of our isolation upon this strange world of fact wherein imagination wanders like a timid and uneasy exile. We are constrained to say that we accept it. The impulse is almost overwhelming to withdraw into ourselves and discover in the endurance of our souls the principles of a new Stoicism. If it were possible to find rest in such an abnegation of faith and common effort, we have it in us to be satisfied with the honest and sedulous cultivation of our garden. But acceptance in this merely passive sense can hardly be sufficient. However much we may feel that we are among the last representatives of an old order, we cannot, like Cassiodorus, resign ourselves to writing our memories and calmly contemplating our fish-ponds amid its ruins. What lies beneath this refusal it would be hard to say, but the most obvious motive for it is the reluctance of the individual to admit that he is "queer." To claim a sixth sense which sets him apart from his fellows is not a source of pride to the sensitive man; it is rather a source of malaise, which may slumber for a season, but will in the end inevitably lead to a madness which is not a matter of majorities.

We are thus bound to hold that the barrier between the imaginative minority and the unimaginative majority of mankind is a temporary one. That does mean that we are bound to believe that it will be removed in our time. The time to be waited may well be a time in the sense of the Book of Daniel, ideal rather than real; and we must acknowledge that the hope, in itself slender, rests upon a singularly precarious foundation. If we could repress the instinctive refusal to admit that we are "queer" and to acquiesce in conclusions which

seem to drive us straight to that admission, we should be forced to state the facts in a way which left no escape for humanity on this side of miracle. There would be not the faintest trouble in reading modern history in such a fashion that the disaster of the war would appear not a terrible aberration of mankind, but the logical culmination of all that process of complicating and multiplying material satisfactions which began with the Industrial Revolution in England and has usurped the name of civilization. This so-called civilization, it could be clearly shown, has acted merely as a multiplying instrument. It has increased the desires of man, and increased the horrors of the method he has always chosen to attain them if unimpeded satisfaction were not permitted. In himself man is neither better nor worse than he was 200 years ago, but he is by the material discoveries of labor-saving methods, and the pseudo-moral discovery of the nation (which is really hardly more than the national army) a thousand times stronger than he was. Where there were in the old days only ten thousand people to be killed, since the slenderness of a king's resources would not permit of greater waste, and a hundred were killed, now there are ten million to be killed and a million are killed. On the other hand, imagination and the sense of the ideal, which depend for their existence on the effort of the individual mind, enjoy nothing of this reduplication of their strength. Civilization, so-called, has therefore meant the multiplication of the baser forces of humanity as compared with the higher.

Nevertheless, though we may accept this statement of historical fact, and see in the increase of mechanical agencies in the last resort merely as an increase of the herd, we are not absolutely compelled to envisage the future as a process of further intensification of the animal instincts of mankind. Perhaps it is probable that the future will be of this kind; perhaps the chances of its being otherwise are so few that if we were guided by calculation alone we should leave them out of the reckoning. But we cannot extinguish the spark of faith within ourselves. We are realists in so far that we are determined to avoid doing violence to the truths of honest observation; we are idealists where realism permits us a choice between a better and a worse. As realists we admit that it has been proved that imagination cannot play the part which we once believed it played in determining the destiny of humanity, at least not for many years; as idealists, we refuse to admit that it is condemned to perpetual bondage. Nothing compels us to admit this; therefore we will not.

The very consideration of the disaster of the war as a consequence of the increase of the herd by the mechanical annihilation of obstacles between individuals, which at first sight seemed to consolidate our pessimism, really opens a way to optimism. A herd appears to the mind as a collection of beasts; it suggests the manifestation of the collective animality of mankind at the expense of its higher or other aptitudes. But that is due to other reasons besides the obvious one that the herd-manifestation under whose influence we now are has been largely bestial. It is due also to the instinctive impulse of the individual to deny that he is not completely individual, and unique—an impulse which evokes as an immediate reaction to the use of the term herd, a picture of the Gadarene swine rushing down the steep into the sea. But, in fact, a herd might just as well be a herd of angels as of pigs, and our unfortunate habit of calling a collection of angels a choir instead merely proceeds from the stupid assumption that the only way of keeping human beings with nothing to do out of temptation is to keep them singing. A choir of angels is merely a herd under a peculiar and not very satisfactory kind of control. There are better kinds of control, and a herd of human beings might be something more satisfying than a choir of angels. At least there appears to be no good reason why it could not be.

For the most singular characteristic of the modern herd, or the modern nation, is its newness. The very arteries of the organism are the improved means of communication which have been invented in the last 150 years. It has been created by railways and steamships

and the telegraph, almost within the memory of living man. And though it is hard to resist the immediate impulse to regard the late disaster as the direct consequence of these material victories, on a longer view it seems more reasonable to look upon the war as the inevitable trial of new-found strength between these newly created organisms or nations. Like Jeshurun, the world waxed fat and kicked. The nation was merely a magnified specimen of the individual in the State in which he was before the process of civilization had begun. There was, indeed, a general belief that by some secret virtue of its own the process had changed the nature of the general ruck of men. The benefits and beauties of civilization were so often and so eloquently extolled that it was hard to make headway against the consensus of eulogy; and though there were isolated thinkers who had their doubts and suspected a confusion of terminology, they never systematized their misgivings, or if they did they put themselves out of court by their manifest desire to tug the wheels of history backward. They did not like the look of this civilization; they wanted to return to an older one. They could not admit both the axioms which now appear necessary.

The first is that there is no going back on modern civilization. Just as no man who has learned to count in figures will indulge his atavism and use his fingers and his toes for reckoning, it is impossible to make away with the material discoveries of which modern civilization is composed. The second axiom is that modern civilization is only a complex of material discoveries and nothing more. In other words, it is not a civilization at all. It is a material condition which has usurped a spiritual title. The excitement of the process of its creation was so great that the peoples involved in it had no time to look about them. The fervor of activity was upon them, and they made, with an ease which now seems to us more than miraculous, the assumption that their fervor was a moral fervor. The gospel of progress was proclaimed, and no one had time to be surprised that it turned out to be the gospel of *laissez aller*. On the contrary, everyone was delighted with the identity when it was discovered. Imagination became invention; no one worried to inquire whether they were really the same things. Words of a real moral and spiritual import were, we will not say debased, but transferred from one scheme of values to another. There was no deliberate conjuring; the whole world conspired to see the handkerchief go into the hat a handkerchief and come out a rabbit. The language of morality became the language of materiality.

It is not hard to find a reason why the transference should have been so easily made. The process of imposing discipline upon the outer world has psychologically many points in common with the subordination of a man's own soul, and it is a good deal easier. But that is beside the immediate issue, which is that modern civilization, in itself a process morally indifferent, and essentially no more than a means of enlarging the herd, managed to accumulate an imposing moral baggage to which it had no right. So it came about that when the war burst upon the world, there was a general cry, equally convinced on both sides, that the war was being fought for civilization; while no one who uttered the cry knew exactly what he meant. In the same way there were a few who protested that the war was the bankruptcy of civilization, and though they knew what they meant, it was impossible for them to convey their meaning to the great majority who had been taught to understand something quite different by civilization, and were compelled (if they were honest) to admit that the war was rather a triumph of civilization than the opposite.

What had really happened was that modern civilization had incredibly increased the physical power of man. It had first made him a unit in a herd; and, secondly, armed the herd with such appliances for destroying its similars as made one single man more dangerous than a thousand of his great-grandfathers. But instead of the attempt being made to magnify his moral consciousness in proportion, the physical intensification had so occupied the energies of the world that it was tacitly agreed to assume that the moral development proceeded

pari passu with the material. Somehow, exactly in what way no one knew, they were the same thing. They were, in fact, totally different. The result was that war broke upon a race of men only half conscious of their strength, and vaguely believing that the strength itself was a guarantee against the misuse of it. Once the issue was engaged between these new giant organisms there was no stopping the slaughter. Imagination, so far from being commensurably developed and organized, had remained, roughly speaking, at the pre-civilization level. There were no adequate spiritual controls. The problem is how to create them. The first step towards its solution will be the creation of the general sense that they are lacking and necessary; and the first step towards this is to demonstrate the equivocal nature of civilization.

WHAT SORT OF DEMOCRACY?

AFTER repeated and solemn disclaimers of all intention to interfere with the internal affairs of enemy countries, the Allied Governments are seeking by armed and economic pressures to put down what they deem bad Governments and to set up good Governments in Russia and in the central countries. Lord Milner has made it evident that there is no intention to withdraw our forces from Russia until an orderly Government has been established which will protect our friends and our interests in that country. Germany is officially warned that the foods and materials needed to stay famine and to set her industries agoing will be refused unless her revolution is conducted in such a way as to furnish a Government after the pattern which we require. The Russians and the Germans are to be "free" to set up their own Governments, but if they do not exercise that freedom properly, we will make them. We must have in these countries settled Governments which have restored order, and with which we can deal. Such is the theory, and our present policies of pressure on these peoples are directed to its application.

Setting aside some evidence that we should be prepared to assist and recognize, in Russia at any rate, a restoration of the reactionary forces that fell before the first impact of the revolution, we commonly profess that the "good Governments" we wish to see established are democracies. Thus alone can the world be made safe and a genuine League of Nations possible. But this democracy which we are requiring Russia and Germany to establish must be of a pattern prescribed by us, alike in origin and constitution. Not only must it be based upon the will of the majority, but that will must be expressed in a way which we approve. Apparently the only sort of democratic Government we will consent to recognize is one established by the representation of the people chosen by local electorates. The one central point of insistence is the local basis of representation.

Now it is of great interest to understand why our governing classes should be so insistent that the "will of the people" should be ascertained and expressed in this and in no other way. Is it that half-instinctively they recognize the danger to their power of another principle of democratic organization which is everywhere challenging the local basis? That principle has flared up into prominence in Russia under the Soviet movement and the Bolshevik Government. It is making a vigorous assertion in Germany and Austria. In France and in sections of this country the Syndicalist agitation has brought it into prominence. Co-operative idealists have for a century past been feeling their way to an order of working-class democracy which should virtually supersede the democratic State by free self-governing association based upon economic union. Marxian Socialism has always regarded the electoral institution of the "bourgeois" State as a means of gaining control of a State which they would then supersede by a free proletarian democracy. The Guild Socialism which has recently been spreading here in educated circles makes the same challenge to our commonly accepted notion of democracy.

Now, is this criticism of locality as the basis of representative government so wholly perverse, irrational,

and dangerous that we ought to be prepared to commit millions of Russians and Germans to further destruction by war and famine in order to prevent them from reconstructing their democracy upon a different plan? Let us look at the facts of ordinary working-class life in any great modern industrial community. Jones lives in the same long row of little houses with Smith, or in the same tenement house. He doesn't know Smith, he doesn't want to know him, he hasn't the leisure or the desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the persons who happen to sleep in the same neighborhood. Jones and Smith have no conscious community of interests or tastes. They are nothing to each other. They are incapable of contributing to a common or general will which is anything more than a mere bundle of separate wills. But Jones spends all his working hours and much of his scant leisure with a number of other men in the same workshop, factory, warehouse, store, or station, where he is thrown into intimate personal relations with his fellows, where matters of keen common interest are discussed, and where common judgments and common actions are taken. Many of these matters are concerned with working conditions that lie outside politics; but laws and official regulations in which their interests are involved play an increasing part. Economic considerations of vital importance affecting wages, hours of labor, provisions against unemployment, were assuming a new prominence even before the war.

It becomes evident that the safety of society hinges upon the radical reconstruction of industry, and that in this work the new part to be taken by the State as director and controller of economic life is of prime importance. Now, if the workers through their chosen representatives are to make their voice and judgment effective in this critical policy, it is not a matter of indifference how they are grouped for this object. These issues do not affect them as inhabitants of a particular local constituency, but as fellow-workers in a trade or business. Ought not the representation for such purposes to conform to the grouping which represents the real community of needs, interests, and organized opinion? There are, of course, other common interests, relating to housing, health, education, which belong directly to the home life of the workers. Questions of prices and in general the interests of the consumer fall in this category, and the recent admission of women to political life gives emphasis to this side of the balance. If the State or Municipality retain or even extend their control over prices and distribution of the necessities of life, a fresh stimulus may be given to the locality as a conscious organized unit of political activity. Consumers' Leagues, for example, may become real political forces.

But the general tendency of industrial and social evolution has been to give increased consciousness and strength to vocational attachments, and diminished consciousness and strength to locality. This may be expressed by pointing out that the working classes have been far more deeply concerned with their wages and working conditions than with prices and living conditions. It is this fact that underlies the ferment of Syndicalism, Guild Socialism, and of Bolshevism. The workers want to press their demands through their strong co-operation as workers rather than through their weak co-operation as householders or inhabitants. Precisely because of this, the ruling and possessing classes desire to keep representation entirely upon the local basis. For instinctively they recognize that they can manage and manipulate a local electorate far more effectively than a vocational one. This is the true significance of the anxiety of our Western Governments to stamp out the Workers' Councils as they show themselves in Russia and in Germany before the ferment spreads further westward.

Hence their insistence upon the brand of Democracy based on local elections and embodied in the will of Constituent Assemblies and Parliaments that represent this fragmentary and relatively feeble will of the people. The danger for them consists in a Government of citizens grouped as proletarians and operating through federations of industries. They are quite willing that the same citizens should elect representatives on a local basis,

because experience has taught them how to divide such an electorate by doctoring the issues, and how to make it innocuous. The new feature is that the workers have begun to recognize this truth and to realize that their strength, whether for political or other action, lies in industrial union. Some of them would give the State and the formal processes of government the go-by. But the more thoughtful would insist upon a transformation of political institutions, so as to admit vocational representation into politics. The intellectual leaders of Guild Socialism have gone furthest in trying to envisage clearly the problem and to work out a theoretical and practical solution. If any safe solution, however, is to be found, our politicians must be prepared to scrap some of their deepest-rooted habits of thought. For this industrial incursion into constitutional politics is likely to be swift and may be violent, if it is met by violence on the part of established Governments. Hence the supreme folly of these semi-official announcements that our ideas of social and constitutional order must be accepted on penalty by other peoples struggling after some stable government in the welter of misery, famine, and disintegration brought about by war.

The analysis here presented by no means justifies a belief in the wholesale substitution of the vocational for the local basis of representation. On the contrary, we are disposed rather to measure the future advance of civilization by the diminishing part which industry should play in human life. Purely economic problems threaten overmuch to occupy our politics. With the technical mastery over the arts of production which ought to be within the grasp of man, it should be possible so to order and economize the pressure of industry upon the time, the energies, the thought and interest of mankind, that the free non-industrial activities will play an ever-increasing part in life. This, if it can be brought to pass, should reverse the forces which in the present crisis of human affairs are making for the industrial control of Government and for the direct determination of history by economic power.

Communications.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The result of the Irish elections recalls Lord Acton's description of the Renaissance. It is the triumphant return of an exile, with an uproarious popularity and a claim to compensation for arrears. The exile has been returned triumphantly and with an unambiguous claim in seventy-three constituencies. But not with uproar, for everyone has been struck with the tranquillity in which this change was effected, which has driven from the seats of authority the party of Parnell, deprived it of its leader, and reduced its modern representatives to a casual handful. Mr. Dillon faced the polls, the leader of a beaten party. It had already handed over twenty-four seats to Sinn Fein without a contest. By a subsequent arrangement to safeguard eight of the Nationalist seats in Ulster against Unionist attack it was guaranteed four seats by Sinn Fein. On election day it held two constituencies in all Ireland. Mr. Devlin may still speak with full authority for Falls Road, and has, no doubt, a useful Parliamentary career before him in Ulster and Labor politics. But in all Leinster, Munster, and Connaught the Irish Party could retain no more than one seat. Never was an historic party so unanimously destroyed.

One may find in the modern history of that party the seeds of its downfall. One may regard the proud and scornful spirit of Parnell avenging itself on the party which exorcised it. But the bulk of the voters had little concern for past history or the working-out of a political nemesis. It is true that, as many Liberals in England voted Labor, so in Ireland many people voted Sinn Fein, regarding it as a necessary act of political hygiene to remove a degenerate and deliquescent party. But these were a minority, and so far as Sinn Fein propaganda was concerned an uncourted

minority. It was the creed and positive programme of Sinn Fein that counted, and the clear determination of the Irish people to register its adherence to the principle of Irish independence by a *plébiscite* which the most capable censor can neither obscure nor distort in the eyes of President Wilson and Europe.

What is this creed and this programme? They emerge clearly enough from beneath the chaste veiling cast about the Sinn Fein manifesto published in your last week's issue. Sinn Fein believes that Ireland has an indefeasible right to independence, and aims at the establishment of an Irish Republic. Its first activities will be directed to the Peace Conference and to the clear formulation of Ireland's claim. There has already been a notable marshalling in the United States of American opinion favorable to Ireland, and meetings have been held in almost every considerable town in Ireland to welcome Mr. Wilson's arrival and to enlist his advocacy. At the great meeting in Dublin an extraordinary and significant outburst welcomed those U.S.A. officers who sat on the platform. But Sinn Fein is not unaware of the powerful forces opposed to the impartial application of the President's principles. It is not gambling on the Peace Conference, though to exclude Ireland from the operation of these principles will be to disillusion many who stake their hopes on the power of the United States, and to create a corresponding situation of dangerous strain. Apart, if necessary, from the Peace Conference, Sinn Fein will, no doubt, develop international relations, commercial and political, continuing the lines of the American policy sagaciously laid down by Michael Davitt. Its efficacy has been proved and admitted. At home it will assume as far as possible the functions of a State rather than of a Party. The electoral returns, as well as its own principles, justify such an assumption. They have the complexion less of a party than of a people. The triumph has been as complete in the country as in the towns. Labor heartily co-operated and is associated with its success. Its elected representatives include the only woman returned by these elections. It carried the most important Irish University. The learned professors are represented in the returns equally with the business man, the landlord, or the farmer. A Constituent Assembly will accordingly be formed whose decisions will carry weight. The first Local Government Elections will throw local control into the hands of Sinn Fein, and implant its agents in the bosom of the administration. In the County Councils a powerful engine will be at the disposal of a Constituent Assembly for the purpose of national reconstruction on the one hand, or of obstruction to the Government on the other, as the Assembly may determine. Who can foresee the end of a struggle wherein Labor and a large section of the mechanism of government is turned by alert and determined men, and with the sanction of the country, against the Government itself?

On the polling Sinn Fein has the same right to speak on behalf of Ireland as the Coalition has to speak for Great Britain. Their proportionate strength is virtually the same. The moral right of Sinn Fein is incomparably stronger. It has a sanction which goes back to the beginning of Anglo-Irish relations. If, then, half the Coalition representation lay at this moment in gaol in another country, deported without charge legally formulated, detained without trial, there would be a parallel in England to the existing Irish situation. If Mr. Lloyd George lay in these circumstances in a Teutonic Lincoln Gaol, should Mr. Wilson consult the Teutonic gaoler to ascertain authentic English opinions? The situation, at any rate, has elements of piquancy which can hardly escape the President's sense of humor.

Mr. Conrad has recently told us a memorable story of his uncle, how that great-hearted and simple-minded Polish gentleman when in Napoleon's army was forced to eat dog—Lithuanian dog—in the retreat from Moscow. On Mr. Conrad's lips the story became symbolic of his country. "It has been the fate," he says, "of that credulous nation to starve for upwards of a hundred years on a diet of false hopes and—well—dog. It is when one thinks of it a singularly poisonous regimen." Ireland has seen herself, the camp-follower of a political party, eating dog at Westminster. The diet revolted her. Sinn Fein may be over-sanguine and may, like Poland, starve awhile for its credulity. But it will not eat dog.—Yours, &c.,

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT

Letters to the Editor.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

SIR,—On November 12th, the day after the signature of the armistice, the Prime Minister addressed his Liberal supporters at a meeting in Downing Street. In a speech of great eloquence he proclaimed his faith in Liberal principles and appealed passionately for Liberal support. What he said about the world settlement, about the League of Nations and the reduction of armaments, was in harmony with his Liberal professions. The peace terms must be fundamentally just: "no settlement that contravenes the principles of eternal justice will be a permanent one"; let us be warned by the example of Germany in 1871. He made an impassioned protest against a policy of revenge and greed, against "base, sordid, squalid ideas of vengeance and avarice." Of the League of Nations he spoke with fervor, describing it as an "absolute essential to permanent peace" and a guarantee for the abolition of conscription. As to our own military establishment, all we needed was a force to police our empire.

The domestic programme, though only lightly sketched, was a progressive one. To quote *THE NATION*, the Conservatives were guaranteed against Bolshevism and the Liberals against reaction.

This speech produced an instantaneous effect. It brought Liberal reconciliation not merely within sight, but within reach. The following day Mr. Asquith spoke of it with warm approval. Encouraged by the two speeches, Liberals drew together instinctively, and there was every indication that they would go to the election as a united party. Unfortunately, at the critical moment reconciliation was frustrated by the action of Mr. Lloyd George's under-strappers. Liberal M.P.s willing to give their adhesion to the policy outlined on November 12th, found the door barred and bolted against them. Why? Because before November 12th the Conservatives had already been permitted to assert their claim to fight every seat held by a so-called Asquith Liberal. By making the division on what is known as the Maurice amendment a test of fidelity to the Government, nearly one-half of the Liberal members were ostracised, and a Conservative majority in the new House of Commons was assured. Fictitious importance was attached to this particular amendment: the division upon it was merely used as a pretext for a ruthless policy of proscription worked in the interests of the Conservative party. What was the use of Mr. Lloyd George appealing on November 12th for Liberal support when before that date the Coalition was pledged to oppose one hundred Liberal members? "I have done nothing," said the Prime Minister on that occasion "in the few years during which I have been first Minister of the Crown which makes me ashamed to meet my fellow-Liberals, and please God, I am determined that I never shall." Can he utter these words with conviction to-day when he has permitted his prestige in the hour of victory to be used to cleave the Liberal party in twain, and to ensure the return to the House of Commons of a reactionary majority?

No good can come from this unscrupulous compact. Its effect is seen already in the marked contrast between the pronouncement of November 12th and the more recent utterances of the Prime Minister, for in the election campaign loose talk about unattainable indemnities and the punishment of the ex-Kaiser took the place of his earlier and nobler sentiments about the necessity of a righteous peace and a League of Nations to guarantee it. How much worthier of a British statesman was his earlier manner—the burning words in which he denounced "squalid ideas of vengeance and avarice"; the gesture of disdain with which at the Guildhall banquet he silenced clamorous cries for the head of the ex-Kaiser, his attitude to whom at that time was exactly expressed in the Shakespearean quotation "Leave him to Heaven and to the thorns that in his conscience lodge to prick and sting him."

I believe that the Prime Minister sincerely desires to pursue a progressive policy, but the same influences that have affected his speeches will vitiate his measures. In an epoch so critical as the present, when democratic ideas are sweeping over the world like a tidal wave, it is nothing short of a tragedy that a Liberal Prime Minister should have given his sanction to a policy that has almost destroyed Liberalism as an organized political force here in its native home. To me, his motives are incomprehensible. Does he think he will be able to mould as he pleases the Conservative majority he has helped to create? If so, bitter disillusionment awaits him. It suited the Conservatives to place their party machinery at his disposal during the election, but they mean to exact their price. Through his aid they will get at least seventy more seats in the new House than they would have had under normal conditions. Through their aid he will get a new lease of power as Prime Minister. "But what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. Lloyd George's services during the war have been incomparable: the better they are known the more they will be valued; their right appraisal we must leave to history. After the armistice had been signed the gratitude of the nation and the Empire flowed out to him in a copious stream of fervent expressions. That week he was at the summit of his renown. How swift since then has been the descent! Owing to pervers-

sity of spirit, or the promptings of ambition, he has adopted a course of action that has created dissension in the country, reduced the Liberal party almost to impotence, made Labor suspicious and resentful, and given Ireland over to the Sinn Féiners. And all for what? To obtain a House of Commons so composed that it is bound from its very nature to oppose bold measures of reform, and to add enormously to the difficulties, sufficiently great already, of winning a clean peace and building up that new world-order for the attainment of which the noblest of our race in their hundreds of thousands gladly sacrificed their lives.—Yours, &c.,

HARRY JONES.

Christmas Eve.

THE FAITH OF EUROPE.

SIR,—My letter in your issue of December 7th aimed at emphasising some facts concerning the faith of Europe. Judging from queries I have received, many readers are either amazed or perplexed, not at the facts, which are obvious, but at the conclusions their grouping compelled.

I am not surprised. On the face of it I quite admit that it appears grotesque to place the heart-break of Europe in any way to the account of a philosophy which enjoins the love of enemies, the turning of the other cheek, the renouncing of possessions, and so on. Nothing is plainer than that Europe has flouted such precepts. It is for this reason that such formulas (now so much resorted to) as "Christianity has not failed, for it has not yet been tried," or "It is not Christianity, but the lack of it, that is the trouble," pass as convincing apologies. Two points are commonly overlooked: (1) Do those who use this apology (and they include Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and almost every cleric) really wish these Gospel injunctions adopted? Is there not overwhelming evidence—indicating not so much insincerity as self-delusion—to the contrary? (2) This phrase "Christianity has not yet been tried" raises the questions, "Can it be tried?" And if so, "ought it to be tried?" To take the first: Before a philosophy can be tried it is necessary to understand its meaning. After twenty centuries, who knows the meaning of the Christian philosophy? Has the slightest unanimity of opinion been arrived at? No outsider need criticise, for Christian apologists are themselves so mutually destructive. Three great moderns who have studied the Christian philosophy exemplify this—Tolstoy's finding (perhaps the most justified of any) is that it involves anarchic communism; Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, argues that it necessitates a *highly political and State-organised* communism; while G. K. Chesterton (who has written in *Orthodoxy* the cleverest of all Christian apologies) would never admit that Christianity involved communism at all! The same hopeless disagreement exists on every aspect of Christianity. The most antithetical interpretations have been possible. There is, however, one fact full of significance, namely, that the most strained and tortured versions, such as Paulinism and Ritualism, have found acceptance, while the uncompromising and common-sense interpretations (such as Tolstoy's) have been spurned. How many men and women to-day would accept such Christian ideals as the Doukhobors? Yet it is despite such ideals (to which we still nominally do homage) that we are to-day wise enough to attach some value to material things—to health and wealth, and beauty and knowledge, and love. The truth surely is that the Christian philosophy is hopelessly incompatible with the best, no less than the worst, phases of advanced civilization. And as the abandonment of civilization is unthinkable, the practical adoption of the Christian philosophy becomes even more impossible. With our Western nations it has been Christianity or nothing, and, though accepting the label, we have seen to it that we have had the Nothing rather than the Christianity. That it was the lack of Faith that made the war possible is in this sense true. But why is it never seriously asked, "What caused the lack of Faith?" The Church's answer has been too comic—too flattering to the powers of Nietzsche—to convince.

Religion (which I believe, with Metchnikoff, should rest on a scientific interpretation of Natural Law,* thus becoming internationalised and freed at last from petty jealousies), is to-day impotent and bankrupt, meriting the ever-increasing contempt of Scholarship and Labor alike. Kaisers and oil-kings may continue to coquette with the only Christianity that thrives, but the world has had a demonstration of what such a religion is worth. I have stated what I believe is responsible, because I, for one, have no desire for a world devoid of religious philosophy and faith.—Yours, &c.,

W. OTWAY CANNELL.

2, Erskine Hill, N.W. 4.

THE RUSH ELECTION.

SIR,—The rush election has succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its author. Puzzlement and disqualification, calculated and engineered, prevented 45 per cent. from voting at all. Five-ninths of the remaining 55 per cent. of the voters have decided on a dictatorship. The remaining four-ninths

*Such a conception of religion is far from new. The Nature-Religion of the Vedic writers, Confucius and the Greeks are early examples. Their weakness was the lack of that knowledge which Science now supplies.

have voted against it, but they do not count. The tied and certificated number 478; the free men, 228. But of these, 72 Sinn Feiners will not attend, and 50 Unionists will support reaction. The Opposition, therefore, or rather the possible critics who are not tongue-tied, number 106 in a house of 706 elected to date, or 707 when complete. But in voting power they are helpless.

Under a proportional system, reflecting actual votes cast, the tied members would number 377, the free 325. This would have given a true representation, a real opposition, and made dictatorship impossible.

As it is, the dictatorship is safe; but so long only as its proposals are reactionary enough to satisfy Sir George Younger's brigade of 386 Unionists, that is, so long as Mr. Lloyd George will reconstruct under the instructions nominally of Mr. Bonar Law, really of Mr. Bonar Law's master, the Scottish brewer. The real dictator, therefore, is Sir George Younger.

Temperance Reform, Land Reform, Housing Reform, Social Reform, the thousand and one problems which the war has made urgent if revolution is to be avoided, must be solved on principles and by methods acceptable to the brewers and landlords, and to the profiteers whom the Prime Minister's whips, under Sir George Younger's instructions, substituted where possible for Liberal candidates. The workers will no doubt be content, and all will be well.

Then the inquiry into the Prime Minister's veracity, impugned by General Maurice, an inquiry admitted by Mr. Bonar Law to be necessary, and run away from by Mr. Lloyd George in the Maurice debate, need not now be held. Grateful recipients of coupons may be trusted to refuse it, and the public can be prevented from learning where the blame lay for the March 21st disaster, the greatest that ever befell British arms, due to the weakening of our front by instruction of the Army Council, i.e., of the Prime Minister, and the criminal retention in England of reserves whose presence in France would have prevented the débâcle, saved thousands of precious lives, and probably ended the war months earlier.

I wonder if those Liberals who, by destroying Proportional Representation, lost the Alternative Vote, have been taught by this election that abandonment of the Liberal principle of representative government is not politic, even when party organizers think it will pay. I mean Liberals, not the P.M. and his bogus henchmen calling themselves Liberals, who helped to engineer the Dictatorship and to save their jobs, abstaining from the division on the Alternative Vote. Free representation is a Liberal principle. The Alternative Vote is a partial and local, P.R. a complete and national application of it. If Liberals had not betrayed the latter they could have had the former also. The Lords were willing to accept both; but not A.V. alone. This disaster has been brought on the country and themselves by Liberals who had not faith in their own fundamental principle. For all the contempt poured upon it, even in politics, consistency is neither a weakness nor a crime, and fidelity in the long run pays.

When, if ever they again come into power, will the Liberal party realise this?—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

15, Crescent Road, Crouch End, N. 8.

PLURAL VOTING AT THE ELECTION.

SIR,—The folly of those Liberals who opposed P.R., and thereby also lost the Alternative Vote, is sufficiently obvious in the exaggerated majority obtained by the Coalition in proportion to the number of votes polled, but very scant attention has been given to another very serious defect in the Franchise Act by which duplicate voting, so far from being abolished, has, in some directions, been even extended. One of the most popular Liberal cries for years past has been "One man one vote," and many people assumed that it had been accomplished. It is true that the ownership vote has gone, but the occupation vote remains in addition to the residential vote if they are in separate constituencies, and the old safeguard that a voter must reside within seven miles of the occupied premises is actually abolished. The consequence of this (added to the dropping of P.R. in the large towns) is that the vast majority of well-to-do people who live away from their businesses have a second vote, and it is probable that more people have voted twice at this election than ever before. I myself discovered, to my surprise, that besides my residential qualification I was registered in four constituencies in respect of business premises occupied by my firm, and although I could not legally vote for more than one of them, there appears to me to be no effective method of ensuring the observance of even this limitation. The only satisfactory method of carrying out the principle of "one man one vote," is for every voter as he receives his ballot paper to be asked if he has voted before at that election, with severe penalties for a false answer. But, I suppose, we must wait for this until a new party takes up and carries out some of the old watchwords, which, for lack of courage and conviction, the Liberal party has dropped.—Yours, &c.,

W. S. ROWNTREE.

Scarborough. December 28th, 1918.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have accidentally heard of two instances, not in this constituency, where voters have made no secret of the fact that they have voted three times in one case, and four times in the other, at this election.

THE NEW SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—It is quite useless to argue about Spiritualism, whether new or old. Persons of a certain temperament will believe in it, however often and however completely its trickery is exposed. Persons of another temperament will refuse to believe in it, however inexplicable by natural causation some of its manifestations appear to be.

For my own part, I am quite indifferent to the name by which a thing is called, and I thoroughly enjoy witnessing the marvellous, whether it is called spiritualism, or conjuring, or sorcery, or witchcraft, or telepathy, or what not. The only name I object to is prestidigitation, which I have a difficulty in pronouncing. With the Spiritualists, I strongly object to having the mediumism of the marvellous explained. When the illusion is destroyed, the enjoyment is gone. I find my pleasure in an attitude of wonderment, which may be stupid, but is highly enjoyable; and I resent the officious services of the knowing person who will insist on explaining how it is done. Why cannot we live and let live? It is true that the sorcerer, or conjurer, or medium, or whatever he likes to call himself, does deprive a few silly persons of their wits, but are such wits worth preserving? And is not the enjoyment that so many clever people derive from interesting displays of the marvellous well worth the destruction of the wits of a few of the feeble-minded?—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. MERCIER.

Parkstone, Dorset.

SIR,—Mrs. Stewart McKenzie entertains, I think, an erroneous impression as to the attitude of scientific people towards what is known as "Spiritualism." So far as my knowledge goes, the scientific world does not deny the possibility of the reality of psychic phenomena. It simply asks those who believe in this reality, to furnish satisfactory scientific evidence in support of their belief. But satisfactory scientific evidence is a very exacting thing, and, in my judgment, it is not provided by the letter of your correspondent.

When a scientific discovery is made, the discoverer, in due course, takes his facts before some learned society, and the question or questions he raises are discussed freely and in open court. Now, the great tribunal of science in England is the Royal Society of London, and Sir Oliver Lodge, being an F.R.S., can, if he so wishes, give a demonstration of the reality of "occult" phenomena before this Society. I am confident that if he does so, and the evidence he brings forward is found to be scientifically satisfactory, there will be no more opposition to "spiritualism" amongst responsible scientific men. If he, or someone else, will do this, well and good, but until it is done, I entertain no doubt that science is acting in the best interests of mankind in insisting upon *absolute and final proof* of the truth of the oft-repeated and overwhelmingly portentous statement that communication is established with those who have suffered physical death.—Yours, &c.,

J. REID MOIR.

SIR,—Mrs. McKenzie asks: "What has Dr. Donkin to offer?"

Sir Bryan Donkin, Sir Ray Lankester, Sir J. Crichton Browne, and their friends have, during forty years, assisted in the exposure of Home, Slade, Florrie Cook, Eva Fay, Eusapia Palladino, and other impostors who so easily deceived Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir W. Barrett, Sir Conan Doyle, Mr. Arthur Hill, &c., none of whom will ever agree to make experiments under strict test conditions; and yet Mrs. McKenzie relies on the dupes rather than on those who have not been imposed upon.

"Tis a mad world, my masters!"—Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO HAS NOT BEEN DUPED.

WHY TRANSLATE "PEARL"?

SIR,—Will you allow me, through you, to answer your Reviewer's questions concerning my translation of "Pearl" in your issue of December 12th? He asks: "But why translate it ('Pearl') at all? Why not read it as the unknown author wrote it? If our moderns can read Chaucer and 'Piers the Plowman' in original fourteenth-century English without recourse to the services of a translator, we surely can manage 'Pearl.'" I deny your Reviewer's conclusions, and doubt his premises, at any rate, as regards "Piers the Plowman." Your Reviewer is perhaps not aware of the opinion shared by many eminent scholars that Chaucer, himself a contemporary of the "Unknown author of Pearl," would probably have struggled through "Pearl" and "Sir Gouvain" with difficulty. Any modern reader who has learned to understand Chaucer without great effort, very probably would find "Pearl" quite intelligible. The reason for this is, as one, who, like your Reviewer, seems to know so much about fourteenth-century English poetry may know, that these Alliterative Poems are written in the North-Western dialects of these islands, and that this dialect was a "classical dialect" as worthy of respect as that of the dialect of London, and of Chaucer. This dialect was, in the time of Chaucer, quite "caviar to the general," in the South of England. I further submit to your Reviewer three lines taken at random from "Pearl," and four lines from the "Prologue of the Can-

terbury Tale of Chaucer," and I put to him this question: Does he really believe that the modern who can easily read Chaucer's lines, could as easily, or indeed, without a very careful training, read the lines from "Pearl"? Or indeed, unless he took the training, could he read them at all intelligently without "recourse to a translator"?

"As boonyst sylver the lef onsylydez
That thlike contrylle on vch a tynde
Qben glem of globez agaynz hem glydez."
—("Pearl," 77-79.)

Chaucer's poem opens thus:

"When that Aprille with hise shourës soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote
And bothed every veyne in swich licour
Of which Vertu engendered is the flour."

It must be evident to any "modern" that there is a very great difference in degree of difficulty in reading these two excerpts.

Your Reviewer is good enough to characterize my translation as spirited, readable, and *idiomatic*, for which he has my thanks. For surely this is just such a rendering into modern English as any modern, unversed in the dialects of the fourteenth century, might find helpful and even welcome. My purpose in this work was to present a "readable and spirited" version of a poem which may bring consolation to those who weep over the dead, and some sense of the beauty of things to the lovers of beauty.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST J. B. KIRTLAN, D.D.

10, Hutt Street, Hull.

UNIVERSITY FRANCHISE.

SIR,—Under the Representation of the People Act registers are made up half-yearly. Graduates who wish to be on the next register of the combined English University constituency must apply to the registration officer at their own University before January 31st.

The register is at present very small, and it is of real importance that more graduates should exercise their right. The result of the contest just over should be an incentive to all whose hope is international democracy to register and be prepared for the next election, whenever it may come.

May I therefore appeal to such of your readers as are graduates for the seven newer English provincial Universities to write without delay for registration forms?—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET M. GREEN.

Hon. Secretary, Seven Universities Democratic Association.

THE REVIVAL OF POLAND.

SIR,—Your remarks on the resuscitation of Poland came like a ray of light on a dark day. For nothing is more remarkable than the light-hearted way in which this subject is usually handled, and yet the complexity of the Irish question appears as nothing compared with the Polish problem. No doubt it would be an admirable thing to erect a new Slav barrier to the east of Germany; but can it be done? Bismarck, no mean judge upon the point, declared that it could not. The seeds of weakness are numberless. The frontiers of old Poland were open to an invasion upon the East and the West; there can be no real strength in a long, thin kingdom stretching from the Baltic almost to the Euxine. Nor is the population homogeneous, to say nothing of the presence of other races—the Jew exists in large numbers side by side with the Polish noble and the Polish peasant, constituting a middle class that in the past, at any rate, was not in full sympathy with national aspirations. Again, the Poles with all their brilliant gifts are deficient in the capacity for organization, and it is just here that the German has taught and can teach them much. Even should Danzig be given to the new Poland, it is, in the main, a German town, and must in the long run gravitate back to Germany. Finally, the Poles will still have an antagonistic religion on either side of them; a historian has even gone so far as to assert that this was the real cause of their fall.

I am not writing thus with a view to discouraging efforts on behalf of the Poles, but merely to point out how difficult the problem is. If Poland is set up again on a basis that proves to be permanent, it will be a piece of magnificent statesmanship. But no political problem arising out of the war requires more careful handling. An outburst of anarchy in a few years on the east of Germany might prove intolerable to her, and give her an excuse for re-kindling the flames of another war.—Yours, &c.,

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

The Randolph Hotel, Oxford.

Poetry.

RESPONDEZ!

RESPONDEZ! RESPONDEZ!

(The war is completed—the price is paid—the title is settled beyond recall);

Let men and women be mocked with bodies and mock'd with Souls!

Let the love that waits in them wait! let it die, or pass still-born to other spheres!

Let the sympathy that waits in every man, wait! or let it also pass, adwarf, to other spheres!

Let contradictions prevail! let one thing contradict another!

Let the people sprawl with yearning, aimless hands! let their tongues be broken! let their eyes be discouraged! let none descend into their hearts with the fresh lusciousness of love!

(Stified, O days! O lands! in every public and private corruption!

Smothered in thievery, impotence, shamelessness, mountain-high;

Brazen effrontery, scheming, rolling like ocean's waves around and upon you, O my days! O my lands!"

Let the world never appear to him or her for whom it was all made!

Let the heart of the young man still exile itself from the heart of the old man! and let the heart of the old man be exiled from that of the young man!

Let sun and moon go! let scenery take the applause of the audience! let there be apathy under the stars!

Let freedom prove no man's unalienable right! every man who can tyrannise, let him tyrannise to his satisfaction!

Let none but infidels be countenanced!

Let the earth desert God, nor let there ever henceforth be mentioned the name of God!

Let there be no God!

Let there be money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief!

Let the Asiatic, the African, the European, the American, and the Australian, go armed against the murderous stealthiness of each other! let them sleep armed, let none believe in good will!

Let there be no unfashionable wisdom! let such be scorned and derided off from the earth!

Let a floating cloud in the sky—let a wave of the sea—let growing mint, spinach, onions, tomatoes—let these be exhibited at shows, at a great price for admission!

Let all the men of These States stand aside for a few smouchers! let the few seize on what they choose! let the rest gawk, giggle, starve, obey!

Let there be wealthy and immense cities—but still through any of them not a single poet, savior, knower, lover!

Let the infidels of These States laugh all faith away!

If one man be found who has faith, let the rest set upon him!

Let them affright faith! let them destroy the power of breeding faith!

Let the preachers recite creeds! let them still teach only what they have been taught!

Let insanity still have charge of sanity!

Let books take the place of trees, animals, rivers, clouds!

Let the daubed portraits of heroes supersede heroes!

Let the manhood of man never take steps after itself!

WALT WHITMAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Principles of War." By Marshal Foch. Translated by Hilaire Belloc. (Chapman & Hall. 21s. net.)
 "Richard Cobden: The International Man." By J. A. Hobson. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)
 "The Playground of the Far East." Travel in Japan. (John Murray. 18s. net.)
 "Petrograd, 1914-1918." By Merial Buchanan. Daughter of the British Ambassador. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Democracy at the Cross Roads." A Study in Politics and History, with Special Reference to Great Britain. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. (Macmillan. 15s. net.)

WE are free to depart. There is no useful purpose we now can serve here. England, saved for our delight by our relatives and friends (long may their memories live!) is happy in the inviolable charge of —, well, we have often seen their names in the papers. They will do all that can be done. In such content we are at liberty—for the evening is young—to choose the voyage, long deferred, of which may be made that book which should have been written long since by a better hand, but has never been done at all, not even its title

"Q," to start us off, gives some happy suggestions in the first chapter of his recent "Studies in Literature," just to show what engaging problems there are to keep our minds off the newspapers. "Among the fascinating books that have never been written, I think," he says, "my favorite is Professor So-and-So's 'History of Trade Routes from the Earliest Times.'" Where lay the famous tin islands, he asks, the Cassiterides? "How were the great ingots of Cornish tin delivered down to the coast and shipped on to Marseilles, Carthage, Tyre. . . . Where was the island of Ictis, where the ships received them?" And after a series of such dazzling questions—among them a demand for light on those caravan tracks, and the depots, by which the great slave traffic serpented through Africa to the mart at Constantinople—he asks, "Who, and what sort of men, opened an aloe market at Socotra?" No doubt the ships of Tarshish carried those aloes, which were packed then, of course, as they are to-day (for anybody to see who has the curiosity to go to the London Dock) in monkey skins. And even a clerk at Cook's would be shocked out of his cool familiarity with the routes of the world if a traveller were to demand of him a ticket to Socotra; a coast often seen by those voyaging to and from the Far East, though none but the shipwrecked ever appear to have landed there. Marco Polo has something to say of this island, and there was a "Natural History of Socotra" written by Mr. H. O. Forbes in 1903, but I know of no other references to the place.

WHEN such names get mentioned, they act on some fortunate people like an incantation. As for me, it was my luck long ago to see wagons going down the road to the old London Docks, loaded with packages marked with cryptographic devices, and their destinations stencilled plainly as Para, Ilo-Ilo, Delagoa Bay, Hong-Kong, Carthage, Acapulco, and many more place names a boy would not expect to see admitted openly as accepted facts in a London street. But there they were. Those bales and cases were on their way thither. That road came from London Bridge, and went on to China. From an early influence of that kind, however indefinable (except as foolishness), there is no escape. The Freudians know that. And the matter becomes worse because later, as one of youth's earliest tasks, it was necessary to go to the dock of St. Katherine with the ship's papers for a vessel there on the point of departure. It was a hot summer day. There was a smell of oakum and spices. There were casks of wine on the quays with pools of bright lees about them. And there was the ship. She was for Santos. I had expected to see a stately craft; but deep

below the quay wall was a trifling schooner of 120 tons. The old warehouses mounted like dark precipices all round. It might have been a prelude to one of Hakluyt's minor affairs. And there on the ship's deck was her master—so he said he was—in a black beard, shirt and trousers, and a rakish West Indian grass hat, gazing up at me, with his hands in his pockets. He had big brown, hairy arms. He tried to jolly me into running away with him. It was a near thing. I did not go. The "Mulatto Girl" sailed without me, leaving me at least free to speculate now as to how different things would have been for me had I swarmed down to the fellow in the Panama hat and cut my cable.

SHE was one of the last of the small traders to make a long voyage under sail. There would have been something worth remembering of that. It might have made a book pleasant to write, anyhow. There can be no such chances for boys to-day, and never will be again—they have their aeroplanes and submarines instead—because the "Mulatto Girl," close to us in years, is in an era as remote as the ketch "Nonsuch" (80 tons), which sailed from Wapping Old Stairs for the Arctic in 1668 to begin business for the Hudson's Bay Company. Yet I missed that chance; an insignificant trifle, a merely personal regret, compared with the loss of the records for such noble works as "Q." deplores. Why, even when they could be written, often they are not, though the material is all at hand. There is the case of the great trading corporation I have mentioned, whose ships have sailed from the Thames each spring for the Arctic for three centuries. Talk of the romance of commerce! The history of that company would be more fascinating than the finest yarn of fictitious adventure ever written, and six times as long as "The Three Musketeers." There have been two attempts at it, not really worthy, and now forgotten. It still waits for the enthusiast, who has at least the matter there for a classic.

IT is rare that the writer, the desire, and the material for such books coincide. Thoreau regrets, I think in his "Week," that travellers have never made us feel the ultimate wilderness in their narratives of northern travel. It is quite true. I think I have read most of the books on Arctic travel there are in English—a level and disappointing lot. We might be inclined to sacrifice two or three of the least of Hardy's novels for some description by him of a coast and land of the Far North, for they would have accorded with his genius. And why did not Thoreau himself try it? Seeing he was free for the job, and that evidently it had its attractions for him, he should have remembered posterity, and have shipped on a whaler for Baffin Land. That would have served him better than Cape Cod, which made rather thin stuff. He might have sounded greater depths when alone with the granite hummocks under the Aurora Borealis than he did even by Walden Pond, where the whistles of distant locomotives called with mocking interjections. And I shall always regret that Joseph Conrad never chanced to beat to westward round Cape Horn in winter, that he might have done with it what he did with the famous voyage to Bangkok, told to us in "Youth"—the best short story in English.

AND what a pity there was no writer among the crew of the tramp steamer "Snowden Range," which floated, when she should have sunk (and was indeed reported "missing"), and was brought to Queenstown disabled, through two months of Atlantic gales, just before the war, by just that hereditary skill and fatalistic endurance which we have since learned to appreciate a little more—just a little more, till we forget it again, in the midst of our more important engagements. That is why I wish that a sailor, who was also a writer not debauched by journalism, had been there to fix the affair in a sort of testament. But no, the writer, like H. W. Bates with his experiences on the Amazon, is so apt to feel that he has finished with the business (thank God!) that it needs the urgent representations of friends for years to persuade him to fight his battles over again. He would very much rather sit and smoke and talk to a friend who understands. And who wouldn't?

H. M. T.

"PEACE, PELMANISM and PROSPERITY."

The Watchword for 1919.

10,000 ENROLMENTS A MONTH !

GREAT BUSINESS FIRMS ENROL THEIR STAFFS IN HUNDREDS.

The coming of Peace has given a tremendous impetus to the Pelman movement.

Within a single month ten thousand men and women have enrolled for a Pelman Course!

"Peace, Pelmanism, and Prosperity" is, in effect, the national watchword of the day.

Many big firms are enrolling their employees *en masse*; one famous business house has just enrolled 165 members of its staff.

Every enrolment is made with a definite aim. To gain a bigger salary or a better position; to increase efficiency, to economise time and work; to develop more ability; to broaden experience and to make learning easy—whatever the object may be, Pelmanism never fails to prove its value. There is no man or woman, in fact, who has conscientiously studied "the little grey books" without deriving benefit; the most popular phase being exemplified by the hundreds who have reported 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of salary as a direct consequence of Pelmanising.

SALARY DOUBLED IN 3 MONTHS!

There is only one way of judging Pelmanism, and that is by *results*. In the records of the Institute there are many thousands of letters reporting the most remarkable "benefits" ever recorded; benefits so substantial and so direct that they speak more plainly than volumes of argument could do. A few extracts are given hereunder from some of these letters.

From Bristol a Pelmanist writes:—

"After taking up Pelmanism for about three months I was offered a very high post in the firm in which I am employed. This advancement, which doubled my salary (which was not inconsiderable before), I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

The foregoing is typical of, literally, hundreds of letters, some of which tell of incomes *trebled* and even *quadrupled* as a result of Pelmanism. These letters are not asked for; they are sent of the writers' free will. Pelmanists are only too ready to acknowledge the vast good they have derived from the Course.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a only got as far as Lesson 4 when he wrote:—

"Already I feel a definite change in my mentality, a stirring and stretching in the mind. I cannot praise too highly the *perfectly natural method of progression*. There is no trick or quackery about it, and for the return your System gives, it seems to be nonsensically cheap at the fees you charge."

Worth 100 Times the Price.

Many business men have remarked that the Course, to them, would be cheap at ten, twenty, or one hundred times the price. One man, a solicitor, said that a single lesson of the Course was worth £100. The cost, in short, is infinitesimal as compared with results, and small though the fee is, it may be paid by instalments if desired. Cost is no obstacle to anyone becoming a Pelmanist.

Here is another letter—short and sweet—from a busy accountant:—

"Since becoming a Pelmanist I have benefited materially, having been promoted twice in twelve months, with 50 per cent. financial increase."

Large numbers of medical men have taken the Pelman Course, and many of them recommend their patients and friends to do the same. Higher praise from such a cautious and conscientious body of professional men it would be impossible to gain. Here is a letter from one:—

"I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I took a Pelman Course. . . . I attribute my success in a large measure to the application of Pelman principles. The study was done in the spare time left to me by a large industrial practice."

Another letter, also from a medical man:—

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition, and I could not discover

the cause. Your lessons enabled me to discover the weak points and correct them, with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning."

Results are Wonderful.

Another Pelmanist expresses himself thus:—

"The results are wonderful. I used to wonder (before taking up the Pelman Course) if there was any possible exaggeration, but honestly, *no pen can express one tittle of the value the Course really is*. What I have gained up to the present could never be called costly even if it had cost me £50."

It may be remarked that this gentleman had only worked through 2 lessons when he wrote the foregoing. Comment would be superfluous.

One of the most interesting letters received by the Pelman Institute during recent months contains the following very frank admissions:—

"I admit having read your announcements for some 10 years, and yet I was not (to my eternal regret be it admitted) persuaded to commence your Course until I noticed your consistent advertising in the *Times*. . . . I do not see how anyone can study the Pelman lessons seriously and not gain thereby—reaping a reward which, besides its definite and tangible advantage, also brings with it developments which have no parallel in money values."

"To those of my acquaintance who ask my opinion of the Pelman training, I have said, and shall continue to say:—'Take it—follow instructions carefully—and if at the end of the course you do not admit having gained something good—right out of proportion to its cost—I will personally refund your outlay.'"

Consider these Points.

There is no parallel to the amazing success of Pelmanism amongst all classes; and every month, every week, its success and popularity increase.

It is perfectly simple and easy to master, takes but very little time, and can be studied anywhere. Being taught entirely by correspondence, it does not matter where you live. Many successful Pelmanists took up the Course when living overseas in remote corners of the Empire.

It has now been adopted by over 400,000 men and women, and no thorough student of the Course has ever yet failed to secure "results."

Full particulars of the Pelman Course are given in "*Mind and Memory*," which also contains a complete descriptive Synopsis of the 12 lessons. A copy of this interesting booklet, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the work of the Pelman Institute, and particulars showing how you can secure the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee may be obtained gratis and post free by any reader of THE NATION who applies to The Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

Overseas Addresses: 46-49, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

Reviews.

SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

"Douglas Jerrold: Dramatist and Wit." By WALTER JERROLD. Two Vols. (Hodder & Stoughton. 16s. net.)

It was only the other day that a novelist was complaining that the rewards of authorship are small compared with the rewards of business and politics. And indeed it seems ridiculous that Lord Northcliffe and Lord Devonport should be not only richer but (from the point of view of the State) nobler than Mr. Conrad or Mr. H. G. Wells. Literature, however, has its own rewards; and even the material rewards are greater than they used to be. We have only to read the life of Douglas Jerrold to realise how a man of letters in the early part of last century had to struggle for a living even in the midst of his triumphs. Were Douglas Jerrold alive to-day, he would be making several thousand pounds a year. To be a popular dramatist and a popular humorist with both an English and an American public is nowadays what we call "good business." The modern author's interests are protected by various copyright laws; and, though one still hears of instances of plagiarism and theft of ideas, a writer can hardly succeed on the stage at the present time without making his fortune. Douglas Jerrold's plays made fortunes for other people. "Black-eyed Susan" alone saved the Surrey Theatre from ruin, and made it one of the most prosperous houses in London. Yet all that Jerrold made out of this play was sixty pounds, including ten pounds for the copyright. Not that Elliston, the actor whose fortune "Black-eyed Susan" made, was unappreciative. "My dear boy," he said enthusiastically on the three hundredth night of the run, when the outside of the theatre was illuminated as for a national festival, "why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?" When Jerrold's "Thomas à Becket" was produced some time later, a friend said to him encouragingly, "You'll be the Surrey Shakespeare." "The sorry Shakespeare, you mean," Jerrold replied with a characteristic pun. One cannot always forgive Jerrold his puns. But this one was justified.

Jerrold's connection with the stage was hereditary. His father was a strolling player. Jerrold himself tried life in the Navy and as a compositor before he took to writing plays. But even at the age of sixteen he had written a play which, put aside at the time, was afterwards to be produced with success. At the age of twenty-two he had been appointed dramatist-of-all-work at the Coburg Theatre at four or five pounds a week. Long runs were not the rule in those days, and new plays had to be turned out in quick succession, often on topical subjects. Thus Jerrold wrote a successful play called "The Living Skeleton" at a time when a "living skeleton" was on exhibition in Pall Mall. It was one of the unpleasant duties of a journeyman dramatist then, when a popular play was produced at a rival theatre, to provide his own theatre with a play on the same subject and even with the same title. When Poole's "Paul Pry" drew all London to the Haymarket, Jerrold had to write a rival "Paul Pry" for the Coburg—a piece of plagiarism which evidently confused the cataloguers in the British Museum, so that for a long time there appeared under the name of Douglas Jerrold the astounding entry:—"Paul Pry," a comedy . . . or rather by John Poole."

Mr. Walter Jerrold has, in our opinion, devoted too much space to his grandfather's plays. He quotes long extracts from the dialogue, relates the plots, and gives us passages from contemporary press notices—the sort of detail that would be justified only if the plays had survived as an essential part of stage literature. But even the minutest scholar of the stage will hardly want to read them. It would have been much better if the author had devoted his space to a careful reconstruction of the background of theatrical life across which the figure of Douglas Jerrold moved. He should have resurrected the "times" of Jerrold. Every man—even a man of letters whose works are no longer read—becomes interesting when we see him in a vivid historical setting. Fortunately, Mr. Jerrold provides us with many of the elements of such a history as we should have liked. On the censoring of plays eighty or ninety years ago, for

instance, he throws an amusing light in one or two pages. We are accustomed in these days to regard as harsh a censorship which shuts out incest and blasphemy from the stage. What would the modern dramatist have felt like had he written in the days of William IV., when George Colman was Examiner of Plays? When Jerrold's play "The Rent Day" was sent in to him, he returned it with the request that all the italicised words in the following sentences should be omitted:—

"The blessed little babes, *God bless 'em!*"
 "Heaven be kind to us, for they have almost lost all other hope."
 "*Isn't that an angel?*" "I can't tell; I've not been used to such company."
 "*Heaven forgive you, can you expect it?*"
 "I leave you, and may Heaven pardon and protect you."

Can it be wondered at that the British drama did not flourish in the nineteenth century?

Luckily for the world, and even for himself, Jerrold had other interests outside the theatre. Like Dickens, he had the passion of the reformer. He even used the theatre as a pulpit, and the name of one of his plays, "Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life," is significant. In another of his plays, "The Mutiny at the Nore," he had boldly put on the stage the story of the grievances of the mutineers. When he became a leading wit and light moralist on the staff of "Punch" he continued to use his pen on the side of all good causes. He was identified with the politics of Kossuth and Mazzini closely enough to be refused a passport to Venice by the Austrian Government. He was in many ways a typical Victorian Radical. In nothing was he more typical than in his hatred of war. As a boy in the Navy he had been on a ship which conveyed home some invalided soldiers after Waterloo, and it is said that what he heard from them about the realities of war gave him a permanent detestation of military glory.

One might describe Jerrold as a Dickensian in politics. He was one of Dickens's chief assistants when Dickens for three weeks of glorious memory edited the "Daily News." Neither Dickens nor Jerrold, however, was suited to the job of a daily-paper journalist. They could not devote themselves absolutely to newspaper work, and the editing of a newspaper is not a task for the leisure hours of overworked men of letters. At the same time each of them had an insatiable passion for editing. Jerrold was editor in succession of "The Illustrated Magazine," "Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine," "Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper," and "Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper." He had as much to do with the early success of "Lloyd's" as with the early success of "Punch." He found it, it has been said, "in the gutter, and annexed it to literature." All this time, though his salary as editor of "Lloyd's" alone was twenty pounds a week, he was living, as he put it, "from hand to mouth"; and when he died at the age of fifty-four he was still something of a struggling man of letters—a poor man crippled with ill-health and aged with excessive work. Dickens, Thackeray, and Jerrold all died early after a life of overwork. Dickens died at fifty-eight, Thackeray at fifty-two.

The average reader, we fancy, will turn with interest to these volumes in the hope of finding information about the Dickens circle rather than about the writings and politics of Jerrold, and, indeed, the pages relating to Dickens are among the most attractive in the book. The Dickens letters are not new, but one is glad to read them again. "I have tried," writes Dickens in one of them, in a reference to "The Chimes," "to strike a blow upon that part of the brass countenance of wicked Cant, where such a compliment is sorely needed at this time, and I trust that the result of my training is at least the exhibition of a strong desire to make it a staggerer." The only point in regard to which Jerrold and Dickens seem to have differed as social reformers was capital punishment. Jerrold was anxious to fight against the proposal that criminals should no longer be executed in public. He thought that, when once the horrors of capital punishment were withdrawn from the public view, it would be all but impossible to get it abolished. The event proves that he was right. It has been suggested that it was the question of capital punishment that was responsible for a temporary estrangement between Jerrold and Dickens. Dickens (as so often in his quarrels and coldnesses) seems to



A Frank Letter from a U.S. Soldier

"I find Sanatogen wonderful for building up a run-down system"—writes Lieut. General Young (U.S. Army), and he adds—"I can cheerfully recommend it to those who may be suffering from fatigue and nervousness."

Look once more at the writer of this letter—keen, fearless, sincere to the backbone—the type of man whose word you can trust.

Then ask yourself, can you afford to ignore a recommendation so honestly given—so forceful and convincing—so applicable to all of us in this country, who, after more than four years of war, are still run-down, fatigued, and nervous?

Buy a tin of genuine Sanatogen as soon as your chemist can spare you one. Made from perfectly phosphorised milk-protein (*not* whole milk), it is indeed a wonderful body-builder and nerve tonic; and costs you only 2½d. per dose—2/3 to 10/9 per tin.

SANATOGEN

GENATOSAN, LTD. (British Purchasers of Sanatogen Co.)
12, Chenies St., London, W.C. 1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhonda)

Note: Sanatogen will later on be re-named Genatosen—genuine Sanatogen—to distinguish it from inferior substitutes.

Waring & Gillow's WINTER SALE

of
**LINENS—DRAPERIES—
CHINA & GLASS**

For **TWO WEEKS ONLY** commencing
Monday, January 6th.

LINEN DEPARTMENT

100 doz. Ladies' Mercerised Lawn Handkerchiefs, in large variety of plain colours.

Special sale price 3/11 doz.

Charming design in Lace Bedspread. A reproduction of Filet Lace. Double bed size only.

Special sale price 33/6.

About 70 only, Down Quilts, covered in best quality Block Printed Sateen, with wide Satin Border on one side. Extra well filled good quality Arctic down and ventilated. Size 6 by 5 ft. 63/- each.

Our whole stock of Down Quilts, covered in Printed Satin, will be offered at prices ranging from

84/- to £7 : 7 : 0 each.

These are 30 to 45 % below to-day's current prices.

100 doz. Pure Irish Hemstitched Linen Pillow Cases.

Inches.	Each.
20 by 30	Special sale price 9/11
22 " 32	" " 11/9
27 " 27	" " 12/9
25 " 31	" " 12/9

85 doz. Fine Quality Hemstitched Union Pillow Cases. Size 20 by 30 inches.

Special sale price 6/11 each.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.

12,000 yards of 50 in. fine quality Mercerised Casement Cloth in Creams and 20 different colours. This Cloth is made from fine Egyptian cotton and has a lasting silk finish.

Usual price 4/3 per yard.

Special sale price 2/11½ per yd.

100 pieces of 50 in. Reversible Bolton Sheeting in plain self colours, also with a fine mercerised strip.

Usual price 4/6 per yard.

Special sale price 3/3 per yd.

20 pieces of 40 in. Pure Irish Linen, in Green and Blue only.

Usual price 5/11 per yard.

Special sale price 3/9 per yd.

50 pieces of 50 in. Casement Cotton in a variety of colours.

Usual price 2/9 per yard.

Special sale price 1/9½ per yd.

2,000 yards of Heavy Reversible Diagonal Curtain Fabric in Sundour guaranteed unfadable colours. 50 in. wide. Colours: Green, Blue, Brown and Purple.

Usual price 5/11 per yard.

Special sale price 3/11 per yd.

3,000 yards 31 in. heavy Repp Cretonne. Rich design of Flowers, Fruit and Birds on black ground.

Usual price 3/6 per yard.

Special sale price 1/11½ per yd.

CHINA & GLASS DEPARTMENT.

Royal Worcester White China.

A collection that the Royal Worcester Porcelain Co. do not consider quite perfect enough to use for their rich type of decoration. The quality is of the best.

	per doz.
500 doz. Dinner Plates	12/6
500 " " " " "	11/6
150 " Soup " " "	12/6

Country orders package and carriage extra.

Sample 1/6 post free.

The Specimen Bargains above are merely examples of the wonderful value to be obtained.

WARING & GILLOW

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.

LTD

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1

Telephone: Museum 5000.

have behaved like a petulant child. Just as Thackeray had to take the first steps towards a reconciliation after a more famous quarrel, so Jerrold in this instance had to be the first to hold out his hand. Dickens sat down at a table in a club, the backs of their chairs almost touching, and did not say a word, when Jerrold wheeled round and cried, "For God's sake, let us be friends again! Life's not long enough for this!" Lovable and generous though Dickens was, his schoolgirlish vanity and touchiness must have made him at times a difficult friend.

Mr. Walter Jerrold has collected a good many interesting facts in this biography of his grandfather; but he ought to have written it in a single volume—even in a quite small volume. The fresh matter in the book is very often in the nature of padding, and many readers will be disappointed not to find more jests scattered through the 650 pages. Sometimes Jerrold's wit is neat. "We owe much to the Jews," was an excellent *mot*. But his retorts were usually obvious enough. "Gentlemen," exclaimed a would-be peace-maker, "all I want is common sense —." "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold, "that is precisely what you *do* want." A fellow clubman once told Jerrold that his wife had been about to enter a convent when she met and married him instead. "Ah," said Jerrold, "she evidently thought you better than nun!" The wit of Wilde and Whistler, it is to be feared, has spoiled our taste for such simple-hearted jests. We have learned a new fashion of joking. Jerrold in his wit was a great journalist, not a great artist. He perfectly hit the taste of his own day. Add to this that in his time he made men merrier and he helped to make men kinder. That is an honorable enough epitaph for the best of authors.

MENSCHENSALAT.

"Men in Battle." By ANDREAS LATZKO. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

M. LATZKO called the German book, of which this is a most admirable translation, *Menschen im Krieg*. Probably it was the censorship which prevented him from calling it *Menschensalat*. That word—"man salad" is the theme of all the stories, and the particular obsession of the hero of one of them, "My Comrade." He has been declared mad; he occupies himself with writing his story and scattering the written sheets through the bars of his prison window.

I will write (he says) indefatigably. I will sow the whole world with my pages. Until the seed shall sprout in every heart, until every bedroom will be entered by a blue apparition—a dear, dead one showing his wounds; and at last, at last, the glorious song of the world's redemption will resound under my window, the wrathful cry shouted by a million throats—*Menschensalat*.

When one has grappled with that word, one has received M. Latzko's message. But it is very hard to grapple with it and go on living. For the most part those to whom it is given to understand it die at the moment of comprehension. They become *Menschensalat*. Most of those who survive are mad, like the hero of "My Comrade." They are mad merely because the majority is against them. The majority does not hear the ugly word. Their ears are stopped either by their own instinct for self-preservation or the kindly attention of the authorities. Did not even the American authorities prohibit the circulation of this book? It is a demoralising, haunting word—*Menschensalat*.

The effect of that word, repeated incessantly by a sharp, incisive voice, is the whole effect of this book. In a sense there is nothing more to say about it. If we were optimists we would believe that everyone who read it would have the word echoing in his ears until his death, dully at times and almost inaudible, but always menacing and loud when he heard men discoursing of honor and victory and patriotism. Instead of the cheers with which the reports of great war-statesmen's speeches are punctuated, we should see *Menschensalat*. The madman's expectation was sane. A million throats should echo the song of the world's redemption. But to be sane after that fashion is to be mad. The majority is on the other side. M. Latzko's book will remain a book. A portion of humanity will probably be condemned to learn the lesson again; they will still be in a minority. The one chance of the minority becoming the majority is the

endowment of the bulk of the human race with a faculty of imagination which the war has shown they do not possess. It is not a chance upon which one would care to build.

But the chance might be improved if the reading of M. Latzko's book were made part of the work of every school all over the world. It would serve the purpose better than the books of MM. Duhamel and Barbusse. It makes less demand upon the imagination. The child might remember how Lieutenant Weixler, the ideal officer, the believer in glory and medals, died:—

"The captain raised himself a little and saw the ground and a broad dark shadow that Weixler cast. Blood? He was bleeding? Or what? Surely that was blood. It couldn't be anything but blood. And yet it stretched out so peculiarly and drew itself like a thin thread up to Weixler, up to where his hand pressed his body as though he wanted to pull up the roots that bound him to the earth. The captain had to see. He pulled his head farther out from under the mound—and uttered a hoarse cry, a cry of infinite horror. The wretched man was dragging his entrails behind him."

But, of course, all the educationalists in the world will protest that such things are too utterly horrible for any children to read. They will go on learning about valor and deeds that saved the Empire, in order that their minds may not be contaminated by the truth.

Therefore we may assume that "Men in Battle" will remain a book, and will become neither an obsession nor a gospel to the world at large. It is unlikely that the world will have any use for a compendium of the physical horror of modern war. Yet it is hard to discuss the book as a collection of stories, or an exhibition of literary skill, or a work of creative imagination. There is in it, indeed, a very great deal of literary skill. One can hardly remember how or where it is manifested, because of the obsession of the physical horror. One is fascinated by the ghastly, unendurable things which the author has to show. Since we cannot turn our eyes away from them, and since we know that it is the author's purpose that we should not be able to turn our eyes away, we are aware that the book is a masterpiece. But the fact that it is a masterpiece is indifferent to us. We admit that if it were not a masterpiece it could not have the power that it has over us. Yet the idea of examining its articulation is impossible.

If we search in our minds for some excuse for this abnegation of criticism, we find it only in our sense that it aims at no revelation. It does not bring within our vision something that might otherwise be hidden; it tears open our eyes because we deliberately keep them closed. Its strength is the measure of our weakness. It is an indictment, not a means of heightened understanding. No one understands the world better because he has *Menschensalat* for ever dinning in his ears. He wants to throw bombs, to commit suicide, to do something that will drown the raucous cry. If he has, by some unimaginable endurance, steeled himself to accept the fact that sympathy is the delusion of the unhappy few and that it has no real force among men, the fearful iteration of "Men in Battle" is so many lashes upon a raw and unskinned wound. Not even the pain is new.

MR. COURTNEY'S CRITICAL ESSAYS.

"Old Saws and Modern Instances." By W. L. COURTNEY. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

BUT for a few scattered essays on Marcus Aurelius, Sappho and Aspasia, Demosthenes and Patriotism, and Demosthenes and Venizelos, Mr. Courtney's lengthy book of essays is devoted to a retrospect, easy in temper rather than in style, of ancient and modern drama. Not that Mr. Courtney is the kind of writer who interprets "We begin to see where Euripides stands" by "The commencement of our perception of the essential significance of the Euripidean viewpoint . . .," but a hasty and intolerant reader might be inclined to balance the ponderables of a not very attractive style against a certain lack of fine quality and strong and original grasp of philosophic principle in criticism. Ours is not a creative age in the arts, but we are certainly not inclined to take old accepted critical verdicts and formulae for granted. Mr. Courtney, we feel, is a better literary historian than a critic; he can with fair scholarship draw

The pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are occasionally symptomatic.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietors: H. Dennis Bradley,
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

WHO LOVES THE BUREAUCRATS?

BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Cupid in the Ascendant"

I DO not love the Bureaucracy. I meet many people, interesting and uninteresting, passionate and cowl-like, intelligent and unintelligent, idealists and high-dealists, literary men and journalists, artists and Royal Academicians, but I can find no one who does love the Bureaucracy—except the Bureaucrats, and even they do not love each other.

The Bureaucracy controls everything, except its own obsession to control, which is uncontrollable.

Now, although the Bureaucrats are mostly old men, it is remarkable that they contrive to increase like rabbits, and the Bureaucracy has now grown into a colossal army, unproductive, inefficient, uncreative, incompetent, destructive, and a stupendous charge on the country.

They are never constructive and always obstructive.

I have had it said to me on more than one occasion by High Officials, "They do not care about business." Meaning, of course, that the Business Community was not to be considered, that it was regarded as an unessential nuisance, something to be held in contempt, to be bullied, dictated to, thwarted, and crushed at will. But who is going to pay for the war?

The Business Community must no longer be content to live in the outer darkness, to be permitted to exist on sufferance as vulgar Taxpayers.

It sounds ironical to suggest even another Controller, but what we really need is a Bureaucrat Controller; someone who will curb their appetite for illogical and unnecessary interference, someone who will enquire into what "They" are doing, and who will restrict and "comb out" these tired, worn out, ignorant old men, and retire the majority of them to the peaceful asylums from whence they came.

If we do not smash the unlimited power of the Bureaucracy, it will smash us.

Turning to something less irritating and more productive, the House of Pope & Bradley despite innumerable war-time difficulties, continues to supply Service Kit and Mufti at prices still within the border line of sanity.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY
14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

Character in Handwriting.

Nibs to Suit
Every Hand

BEFORE GOING TO BED.

Sometimes when you are overtired you have a restless feeling that prevents you from going to sleep. A cup of Rowntree's Cocoa taken last thing at night encourages quiet and restful sleep.

Rowntree's
ELECT-Cocoa

A good handwriting immediately conveys a pleasing impression. To write well you must have a pen which brings out the individuality and character of your writing. The "Swan" Fountainpen is provided with a variety of nibs from which you can select the one which is exactly right for you. Exceptional skill and care contribute to the manufacture of this gold nib, and the smooth flow and ready action of the pen give free play to your hand.

"SWAN"
FOUNTAINS

SOLD BY STATIONERS
AND JEWELLERS.

*Illustrated Catalogue
post free on request.*

Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., London, Manchester,
Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, etc.
Associate House: New York and Chicago.

AT PRE-WAR
PRICES
FROM 10/6



us a parallel between Æschylus and Mr. Hardy, but he cannot reveal either the one or the other with that imaginative sympathy which is the road both to their art and our nearer understanding of it. In a study of "The Dynasts," for instance, he makes far too much of the conscienceless and unconscious Immanent Will which in "its blind, unweaving way" and like an immortally persistent east wind withers and drives before it the human leaves into a tragic, futile destiny which it realizes no more than they do and, in awful contrast to them, feels not at all. He does not sympathetically see that Mr. Hardy's "pessimism," unacceptable as it may be, is in part the vision of a genius with a sense of the connection between human relations and the absolute (howbeit, a cruel absolute) positively without a rival in the whole range of modern literature, and in part a reaction against the majority's comfortable creed of prosperity for good and worldly failure for evil in this world, and warrants for hell and certificates for Paradise in the next. The reason is, we suspect, because Mr. Courtney is himself a kind of Church and State critic to whom dissent and revolt are the object of a kindly and tolerant curiosity, and who does not pause to examine whether any particular manifestation of dissent is either a phase or form of mere rebelliousness or a true apprehension of the first principles of life. He is, in short, the critic of the *status quo*; and because the *status quo* has sometimes a good case against disobedient opinion alone and Mr. Courtney himself is precise and dispassionate in his methods and a writer besides of caution and experience, his attitude has an air of solidity which seems to justify it.

But it leads him at times into quite definite pitfalls. A trumped-up comparison between Demosthenes and Venizelos for the sake of denouncing the part modern Greece has played in the war, is one. We have to be rather chary nowadays of what we say about the Victorians, but when Mr. Courtney compares Demosthenes' ideal of Athens as the spiritual head of a Pan-Hellenic conglomerate of states with his own of England and the British Empire, we call him Victorian in the common sense of the complacent provincial. Further on, we read:—

"Apart from the general allegiance to the Pan-Hellenic idea, there is the duty of the individual to his own State. On what does the obligation of patriotism rest? On two principles, above all. The first is, that a man does not belong to himself, but to the State which feeds, nurtures, protects him, and assures him in the possession of many civic privileges. This principle is laid down in the oration "On the Crown." . . . It follows, therefore, that he has no rights against the State; if he subsequently earn rights, it is in virtue of his performance of certain duties which—because the State so ordains—give him privileges. . . . Individual opinion is not allowed in questions of Art and Literature, in which authority and expert judgment alone have the right to be heard. . . . Of course, in easy-going times of peace, we only smile at the vagaries of forward opinion. But in a crisis, under actual conditions of war, individualism may be a deadly danger to the best interests of the commonwealth."

If only the investigation of psychical phenomena were more advanced and Mr. Courtney had the opportunity of leading Demosthenes by the hand to witness the European apotheosis of such exalted self-sacrifice—possibly even to conduct him personally over the Pantheon of Whitehall and to recommend him to a properly accredited person who would take him over that of Potsdam! It is, indeed, odd after this to find Mr. Courtney writing, with an engaging innocence of approval, about the "Lysistrata," and suggesting, if not in actual words, by the direction of his historical summary, that Aristophanes saw the disasters of Athens as the result not only of Spartan militarism and Athenian demagogy, but of the chronic disunion of the Grecian world. But we are not, perhaps, so surprised that Mr. Courtney should express a temperate thanksgiving that the conditions which allowed Aristophanes in the "Knights" to represent Cleon as a seller of leather and a Paphlagonian slave have been completely superseded in a more enlightened age. We may have forgotten how to build a Parthenon, but we have learned how to deal with Pacifists. Lastly, there is the open letter to an American critic about Sir Herbert Tree's services to the English stage. Since it is more or less the funeral oration of a friend, it is very natural that it should be an apology. Still, it is as well for a less partial judgment to remember that the art of the drama is not necessarily

associated with histrionic impressionism and elaboration of stage-production.

We pass over the weightier and more judicial essays on Sappho and Aspasia, Euripides and Marcus Aurelius to the fuller discussion upon what Mr. Courtney calls "dramatic realism." These essays may be called the distinguished presentment of average instructed opinion. But why does Mr. Courtney ask the question of Euripides's iconoclasm—was it justified? It was justified of Euripides, and that is the only relevant issue. If Mr. Courtney had been able to inform Euripides that he was laying an axe at the root of social order, we doubt whether the woodman would have fearfully replied that he was only gathering a bundle of faggots for the parlor fire. And the author conveys a wrong impression when he explains, as one of the causes of Marcus Aurelius's persecutions of the Christians, that "they were militant and polemical. They wanted to destroy the established creed." They were much more than that, and gave Marcus much more excuse. Stevenson says somewhere that Alexander must have been touched in a very raw place by the disregard of Diogenes. The Christians did not attack the Roman Empire—an intelligible and not at all disconcerting procedure—they withdrew from it, and that was so confounding, it was playing the game so ill, that there was nothing left for the Empire but to be conquered by them.

This is not the place to discuss the meaning of "realism," partly because it was fully examined in this paper a little while ago and partly because what Mr. Courtney really means by it is the propagandist problem play. Into the question whether realism as an art in itself is or is not a violation of the nature of art, Mr. Courtney hardly enters. Plainly, it is not possible to represent things as they are unless we have some assurance—and some conscious principle of applying it—of what they are meant to be. But Mr. Courtney's chief interest in "dramatic realism" is because it illustrates a certain attitude of mind. It is true that he does differentiate between the artist with a moral and the artist with an artistic idea, but this separation (the aim of the true artist being to make them one and the same thing and in correspondence with absolute values) in the end brings us up sharp against his real objection to dramatic realism, or rather, the problem play. That is, that it is a disintegrating force; and it is exceedingly clever of Mr. Courtney to relate this objection with a conception of æsthetic validity. The critic's objection to realism rests upon the fact that its emphasis upon likeness misinterprets the true function of art; Mr. Courtney's is that it takes too accurate a likeness of society. So that he comes to the conclusion that cynicism is the mark of the realist. "I can hardly imagine anything more flippantly cynical," he says of Harness's remark at the end of "Strife"—"That's where the fun comes in." He objects to "The Eldest Son" because our sympathy is with the gamekeeper's daughter:—"The ladies ought, one may suppose, to have exhibited their superior social station, if the dramatist's story was to come out right, whereas it was the servant who won, hands down." We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Courtney's liking for Brieux may possibly have something to do with the advice at the end of "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont"—that meddling with the conventions of society does no good. The real emphasis, we imagine, is not on society, but the meddling. Mr. Courtney's point of view is, indeed, set out here and in the rest of the book with great literary ability and persuasiveness. But in the matter of Brieux, at any rate, we feel that it would have been simpler to say (with some exceptions) that he was a bad artist and a good moralist.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Press, Platform, and Parliament." By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d.)

MR. HUGHES rides himself of political bias, if in his anecdotal and Coalitionage he have any at all, and chats amiably about himself and his fellow-clubmen at Westminster. They make a shining assembly of clever people, and Mr. Hughes is good enough to prove their quality by producing specimens of their wit. Politics is shown to be a useful profession, blessing those who receive the laws

AN INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS.

PETROGRAD.(The City of Trouble.) **1914—1918.**By **MERIAL BUCHANAN,**

Daughter of the British Ambassador.

Ex. crown 8vo.

7s. 6d. net

Mr. Hugh Walpole, in his foreword, says:—"This book is the first attempt of any writer in any language to give to the world a sense of the atmosphere of Russia under the shock and terror of those world-shaking events."

"This frank and vivacious diary."—*The Times*.

"A piece of living literature."—*The Morning Post*.

"Miss Buchanan, always terse and vigorous, rises occasionally into considerable beauty, particularly in her descriptions of Petrograd and its romantic neighbourhood under summer skies or in the enchanting mantle of glittering snow."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

"A shrewd and reflective observer, Miss Buchanan displays no mean power of pictorial writing."—*The Scotsman*.

LONDON: 48 PALL MALL, S.W.1., WM. COLLINS, SONS, & CO., LTD.

Leighton Park School

READING

Spacious finely timbered grounds
Splendid new buildings
Full staff of university men
Excellent results in work and play
Elaborate prospectus on application to
The Headmaster

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS.
Head Mistress—Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge
(Late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School).

The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community: to encourage self-expression by means of Literature, Acting, Music, Dancing, and Handicraft of every description: to increase resource and initiative by practical work such as cooking, gardening, and poultry-keeping. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art.

Fees, inclusive of Eurhythmics, Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, and all such subjects as should be part of every girl's education, 180 guineas a year.

Gerrard's Cross is 300 feet above sea-level, on gravel soil, and is out of the air-raid area. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

THE LONDON GARDEN SCHOOL,

17, Finchley Road, N.W.8, has opened as an experiment to offer a first-class MODERN EDUCATION on NATURAL LINES. Open-air Classes, Eurhythmics, Swedish Drill, Dancing, Music Appreciation, Acting, Singing, Drawing, Painting, History of Art, Gardening, Cookery, Fine Laundry, Handicrafts. Boarders taken, who do some share of the service of the house. Co-education during Preparatory age. Little boy boarders taken. Principals: The MISSES MANVILLE.

CRONHAM HURST SCHOOL, NEAR SOUTH CROYDON.

HOUSE built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situation. Aim of Education—free development as individuals and as members of the general community; independent study; special attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for the Universities. Full Domestic course for senior pupils and external students. Principals: Miss THEODORA CLARK and Miss K. M. ELLIS.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).

Country School for Girls.

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700 feet above sea-level.

Principal, Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.), Class. Tripos (Camb.). Prospectus on application.

GREEK GYMNASIAC and DANCING CLASSES. Violet Alston (Pupil of Raymond Duncan). Private Lessons by arrangement. Next Term commences January 18th.—Apply The Alston Studio, 8, New Bond Street, W.1.

January Number. THE HIBBERT JOURNAL.

Contents.

INTERNATIONAL CONTROL OF WAR FINANCE.
THE NEW COMPATRIOTISM. Ernest Rhys. [L. P. Jacks
ON SOME PARALLELS BETWEEN A LEAGUE OF NA-
TIONS and a REUNION OF CHURCHES. Bishop of Carlisle
WANTED: ANOTHER ARCHBISHOP'S COMMITTEE on
the TEACHING OFFICE of the CHURCH. Canon Wilson
CHRISTIAN FAITH. Rev. J. M. Thompson, M.A.
AGAIN WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? Prof. J. B. Pratt
ETHER, MATTER AND THE SOUL. Sir Oliver Lodge
AN ANCIENT ARRAIGNMENT OF PROVIDENCE
C. G. Montefiore
The DISTINCTIVE EXCELLENCE of the FIRST GOSPEL
J. R. Mozley
AMERICAN SOCIETY AFTER THE WAR.
President C. F. Thwing

TWISTED SAYINGS. Rev. Prof. James Moffatt, D.D.
THE DISMAL PREACHER. Rev. R. H. U. Bloor
PRESBYTERIAN REUNION: THE DRAFT ARTICLES
Rev. D. Macmillan, D.D.

2s. 6d. Post free 2s. 10d. net.

London: WILLIAMS & NORGATE, 14, HENRIETTA ST.,
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2.

'K' BOOTS

BRITISH and BEST

SOLDIERS with SHATTERED NERVES are sent to
HOSPITAL FOR EPILEPSY, MAIDA VALE, LONDON.

The tragedy of shattered nerves is more awful
than that of a maimed or even destroyed body.

with the delicious entertainment of elections, and those who make them with the inestimable privilege of a public platform to display their talent. Mr. Hughes has other interests besides politics, and he tells stories of his experiences as a journalist and lecturer. No one would criticise an entertainer so well-intentioned and good-humored.

* * *

"Dr. Elsie Inglis." By Lady FRANCES BALFOUR. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

ENTHUSIASM is the only possible note in speaking of Dr. Elsie Inglis. Lady Frances Balfour strikes that note; she also writes from an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Inglis's activities in her spheres of medicine and politics. Dr. Inglis brought a missionary zeal to any task she undertook. The Liberalism of her politics colored her outlook on every phase of life. She is one of the great figures of the war, and already her name is said to have a legendary force among the Serbians in whose cause she sacrificed her life. It was she, with the aid of the Suffrage Societies, who founded the Scottish Women's Hospitals. The War Office, in its usual way, refused recognition, but her offer was gladly accepted by the French and the Serbians. Lady Frances Balfour tells, so far as the facts are known, the story of the indomitable Dr. Inglis's work, first in typhus-stricken Serbia and later in Southern Russia.

* * *

"America's Day." By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

THIS book is written in the dramatic present tense. Here and there we catch a far-away, familiar echo, but not the authentic voice of Carlyle. Still, the book does succeed in presenting a picture, and in explaining the United States to those of us who are confused by the discordant voices of politicians and newspapers. The author insists on the welter of ideas and conflicting interests with which the Federal Administration had to contend in 1916, the hatred of the panoply and ritual of war felt by the masses, the strictly unmartial atmosphere of the country, the lack of a national consciousness. Power had to be filched from the States and concentrated at Washington, and hostile elements stilled. Mr. Phayre traces the conversion of America entirely to President Wilson.

* * *

"A Gallipoli Diary." By Major GRAHAM GILLAM. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

MAJOR GILLAM, like many a soldier, kept a diary. He had not thought of publishing it till advised to do so by a friend, who, with the idea of creating atmosphere, has worked in some landscape descriptions. It is doubtful if these are essential to Major Gillam's story, which is a plain, businesslike account by an observant officer of the experiences of the 29th Division from the landing on Gallipoli to the evacuation. It contains much valuable material, and is sure of a high place among war records. A note written a week before the evacuation says:—

"Looking at the gunnery from the Turkish gunner's point of view, it must have been all through this campaign a sort of series of field days for them, with their guns in position on commanding heights, and with the targets nearly always open sights and on the low lands. It is fortunate for us that only lately have they been receiving regular supplies of good ammunition. If they had had the artillery that the Germans had before Ypres, twenty-four hours on any single day throughout the eight months that we have been here, would have turned the campaign in favor of Turkey, and meant utter defeat and unconditional surrender for us."

* * *

"Chosen People: The Hebraic Ideal *versus* the Teutonic." By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. (Allen & Unwin. 2s.)

MR. ZANGWILL explains in this, the first "Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture," what is meant by the Jewish claim to be the Chosen People, and, incidentally, how to read the Bible. Rather, it would be better to say that Mr. Zangwill explains what *he* means by Chosen Peoples,

for it is essentially an artist's interpretation. In arguing that the Song of Hate at the Red Sea is wiped out, that the note of savagery is a small one in the great music of Biblical literature, he acknowledges that it is the weakness and strength of orthodox Judaism never to have made a breach with its past; "possibly out of too great a reverence for history, possibly out of consideration for the masses, whose mentality would in any case have transferred the new back again to the old." He insists that narrow tribalism was a temporary political necessity, that Universalism was and is the dominant note in Judaism, that "religion, not race, has always been the governing principle in Jewish history." Very cleverly he shows how all the nations insist that they are the Chosen People; their National Anthems and their prophets all proclaim their holy missions. On the other hand, the Jewish prophets become monotonous in their rebukes to their nation. "The Bible," says Mr. Zangwill, "is an anti-Semitic book."

The Week in the City.

BUSINESS has not been at all brisk on the Stock Exchange, which was closed as usual on New Year's Day, after an upward movement in home rails had been followed by a relapse. In spite of the end of the year, conditions in the Money Market have been fairly easy. The main feature in the foreign exchanges has been a sharp drop in the Rio rate. The grand total of War Bonds sold up to December 28th, is £1,436,551,000. Will the Government be able to induce the country to continue to lend money for the war which is over? With the expenditure continuing at the rate of five or six millions a day, this is becoming a hard problem for the Treasury, and it is not surprising that Mr. Bonar Law should be very willing to relinquish the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. In view of the war with Russia and the extreme slowness of demobilization, financial experts say that it will be necessary to add another shilling to the income tax in order to maintain the public credit when Budget day arrives. Nobody I meet expects much help from the proposed German indemnity. The really important question is whether the United States is going to deal generously with the Allies in respect of its war loans.

DARRACQ'S PROSPERITY.

Darracq, the famous motor firm, has had a varied experience during the war. In 1914-15, net profits ran up by £81,000 odd to £170,762, only to react to £102,187 in the following year. The year 1916-17 saw a recovery to £125,480, and the report for 1917-18, recently published, shows a net profit figure of £152,644, in spite of the fact that expenses at £34,623 were double those of the previous year. The reserve fund receives £25,000, against £30,000 a year before, and other appropriations are the same as before, the ordinary shares getting 15 per cent. dividend and 5 per cent. bonus. After these payments, the carry forward is raised by about £33,000 to £47,360. The company intends to increase its capital to £1,150,000, by creating 225,000 preferred ordinary shares of £1 each, to rank *pari passu* with the existing preferred ordinary shares. Sanction for this increase to meet the requirements of a peace-time expansion was granted by the shareholders at the annual meeting on Monday. During the year the company acquired and sold an enterprise in Italy, and also sold to the Société Anonyme Darracq certain lands and works at Suresnes, in France. These transactions have caused very considerable changes in the balance sheet. The Chairman's speech is calculated to fill shareholders with confident anticipation of good business to ensue after the peace.

ALLSOPP'S RECOVERY.

It is not many years ago that Samuel Allsopp & Sons were in low water. In 1910 the accounts showed a deficit of £23,907—the third deficit in four years. In 1913 a change was made in the direction of the company, and a drastic reconstruction was undertaken. The company, however, has found advantage in the prosperous brewing conditions of the past few years. For the past year their gross trading profit was £307,268, to which figure it has risen from £68,134 in 1914. Of this sum, debenture interest, &c., absorbs £64,601, and depreciation and repairs, £82,246. The certificates of rights outstanding are finally paid off by the allowance of £42,795 for their redemption. This purpose has claimed over £108,000 in the past three years, but will no longer be a drain on the company's resources. In addition, the 5 per cent. participating preference shares receive a dividend of 4½ per cent., and £21,324 is carried forward to the credit of the current year's accounts. The recovery, therefore, has progressed so far that shareholders are able to look forward with hope to next year's distribution.

LUCILLUM.

ng
at
of
ss
a
ce
s,
he
ow
at
n,
ng
ow
e ;
m
sh
ir
ti-

ge,
rd
In
tet
gn
nd
00.
ue
re
is
ot
to
of
n,
er
tit
lp
mt
er-

ed
by
he
00,
et
at
ve
er
es
er
00
to
£1
ry
ts
at
ny
he
es,
le
is
of

re
07
de
on
ge
rs.
to
n,
nd
re
n.
rs,
In
ve
to
re-
ok